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CHRISTMAS BELLS IN JERUSALEM: A VIEW FROM THE BELFRY OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

At a time when the bells of churches will soon be ringing for Christmas services, this photograph of the belfry in the most sacred shrine of Christendom has a very special interest. As noted on a later page, illustrating the most

precious relics there preserved, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre suffered much damage from the earthquake in Palestine last July, and it has been found necessary to dismantle and rebuild the dome.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CHRISTMAS, with its Christmas candles and its hundred shapes and patterns of fire, from the old legend of the log to the blue flames of Snapdragon and the sacred oblation of burning brandy (in the true tradition of sacrifice, which is the destruction of the most precious thing for the glory of the divine powers) has rather irrationally thrown my thoughts back to the flames of a torchlight procession which I saw on the last great ceremonial festival in this city. It was a ritual rather new and national than old and religious. But it was one with which I have a special spiritual sympathy, and about which, at the time, I felt a certain sentiment and formed a certain opinion. I had a reason for not stating the opinion then; and I have a reason for stating the reason now.

I could not bring myself to criticise the Armistice celebrations immediately after Armistice Day; because it was just possible that any criticism, which was really critical, might be mistaken for a surrender to that most morbid and unmanly mood of reaction which I have noticed only too often throwing cold water upon those torches which those heroes will carry through history. I would rather join in any mummerly, or tolerate any mistakes, than be for one moment mistaken for one of those "modern" persons who have gradually and cautiously, after the peril was over, plucked up courage to preach a religion of cowardice. We have had even poetry prostituted to the service of poltroonery. We have had lyrics loud with panic, of which the best we can say is that their healthiest excuse is shell-shock, but that it is a little difficult to remain charitable when the shocked claims popularity as the shocker. Mean little studies of neurotic paralysis have been put forward as the

only realistic record of the one great proof that humanity has given to the heavens of the huge human equality in normal virility and valour. When to this dishonouring of the dead was added the vile indifference and injustice to the living, which has left thousands of the saviours of the world as drifting and desperate as so many old lags out of jail, the reaction to what many would call reason and "normalcy" is not one with which I desire to be connected or confused. And to express anything savoured of disappointment or doubt about the Armistice ceremonies might well have seemed like contributing to that contemptible coldness or striking the same note as did that dreary *diminuendo*. But now, as I say, when we shall soon be in a position to compare such ceremonial with the ancient ceremonials founded by our fathers, in the days when men had an instinct for such things, I think it worth while to remark on some of the memories, and even some of the mistakes, in the more modern formality in its more modern framework. If we are to have ceremonial, Armistice Day has a great deal to learn

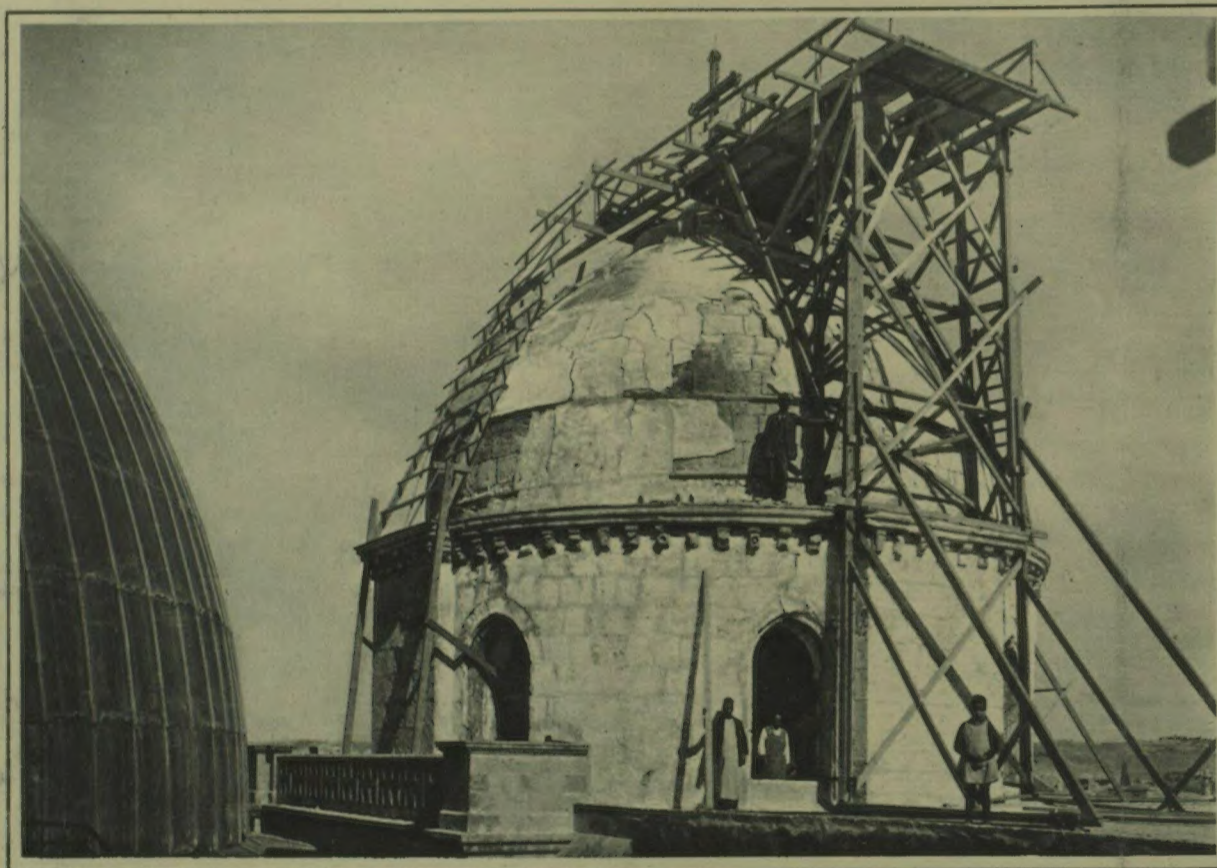
from Christmas Day, and especially from the days when the Christmas ritual was created.

All ceremony depends on symbol; and all symbols have been vulgarised and made stale by the commercial conditions of our time. This has been especially true since we have felt the commercial infection of America, and progress has turned London, not into a superior London, but into a very inferior New York. Of all these faded and falsified symbols, the most melancholy example is the ancient symbol of the flame. In every civilised age and country, it has been a natural thing to talk of some great festival on which "the town was illuminated." There is no meaning nowadays in saying that the town was illuminated. There is no point or purpose in having it illuminated for any normal and noble enthusiasm, such as the winning of a victory or the granting of a charter. The whole

of the Thames, when I saw the torchlight procession turn the corner and take the road towards the Cenotaph. Now, a torchlight procession is one of the most magnificent of all those instinctive and imaginative institutions by which men have sought to express deep democratic passions of praise or triumph, or lamentation, since the morning of the world. Naturally, by all artistic instinct, they were held at night; and they were held in times and places which were lucky enough to retain a little night. They cannot be done in a garish and feverish civilisation which insists on turning night into day. In those older and simple societies, republics, or kingdoms, there would probably have been enough sense of public authority to command a Curfew, and force all citizens to put out all lights while the pageant of the sacred flames went by. But the modern mind is in an unfathomable muddle about all these things. Our streets are in a permanent dazzle, and

our minds in a permanent darkness. It would be an intelligible process to abolish all ceremonies, as the Puritans did. But it is not intelligible to keep ceremonies and spoil them; and nothing in the literature of lunacy is weaker and wilder than the appearance of this wavering sort of lunatic, holding a lighted candle at noon.

A short time ago, the very section of the city in which I was standing was abruptly blotted out by total darkness, the electric light having gone wrong. I wish it had gone wrong at the moment when the marching men turned the corner with all their torches burning. One catastrophe of that sort would have saved the whole situation, and perhaps the whole memory and meaning of the Great War. Its glory would have got a good black background at last; and that moving conflagration would have burned red in men's



THE REBUILDING OF THE EARTHQUAKE-DAMAGED DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM: SCAFFOLDING IN PLACE BEFORE THE OFFICIAL REMOVAL OF THE CROSS.

The dome over Chorus Dominorum in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which was seriously damaged by earthquake last July, was officially condemned at the end of October, when it was stated that a temporary roof was to be erected, pending the demolition of the dome and its rebuilding next spring. On the morning of November 30, under the supervision of the Departments of Antiquities and Public Works, the Cross on the Dome was removed.

town is illuminated already, but not for noble things. It is illuminated solely to insist on the immense importance of trivial and material things, blazoned from motives entirely mercenary. The significance of such colours and such lights has therefore been entirely killed. It is no good to send up a golden and purple rocket for the glory of the King and Country, or to light a red and raging bonfire on the day of St. George, when everybody is used to seeing the same fiery alphabet proclaiming the importance of Tibble's Tooth Paste or Giggle's Chewing Gum. The new illumination has not, indeed, made Tibble and Giggle so important as St. George and King George; because nothing could. But it has made people weary of the way of proclaiming great things, by perpetually using it to proclaim small things. It has not destroyed the difference between light and darkness, but it has allowed the lesser light to put out the greater.

I was standing in the very heart of this holy town, opposite the Abbey, and within a stone's-throw

memories until they died. That was the ceremony as our fathers planned it; and that is also how the ceremonies of Christmas were planned. If we are wise, we shall keep these latter also in the ancient manner, and according to plan. If we must be merely American in our business, let us at least be civilised in our pleasures. Let us understand, as the artists and the ancient priests and heralds have always understood, the meaning of contrast and the conception of a background. If Snapdragon burns with blue flames, do not let us kill it with a white light, with that enterprising spot-light which is so very decidedly a death-ray. If we have the common-sense to see that red fire-light looks redder in the twilight, let us have the courage to refuse the kind American gentleman's offer of an electric light ten times stronger than daylight. Let us show that the ancient culture, which has produced a picture or two in its time, still knows something about how real pictures are made; even if they are only picture postcards to be used as Christmas cards.

CHRISTENDOM'S MOST SACRED TREASURES: RELICS IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, it may be recalled, was badly damaged in the earthquake of July 11 last in Palestine. A few weeks ago the cross on the dome was taken down, preparatory to the dismantling of the dome. It was arranged to put up a temporary roof, pending the construction of a new dome next spring. In an article accompanying these photographs, Mr. H. J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S., writes: "Of the sacred relics to be seen in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, marking the alleged spot of the Crucifixion and Burial of Christ, the most prized and zealously guarded are two comparatively small, heavily-bejewelled crosses which are said to contain portions of the very wood of the Cross on which Christ was crucified. The crosses are seldom placed on view in the church, and no one is allowed to handle them except the guardian of the church. The tradition about finding the True Cross goes back to the time of Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. She came to Jerusalem in the year 325 to seek out the place of the Crucifixion and Burial with the object of embellishing these sites with a suitable edifice for worship. Many stories are told of how she came to find the place of Crucifixion, the most commonly accepted being that the spot was revealed to her in a dream, and that digging here revealed three crosses, the crown of thorns, nails, title, and various other relics of the Crucifixion." In order to ascertain which was the cross on which Christ died, the three were taken to the bedside of a sick woman afflicted with an incurable disease. As they were passed before her, the third established its identity by miraculously restoring her to health and strength. When, in 614, Chosroes overran Palestine and Syria, ruthlessly destroying the churches, the largest single portion of the True Cross, which was then in possession of the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, was triumphantly carried away

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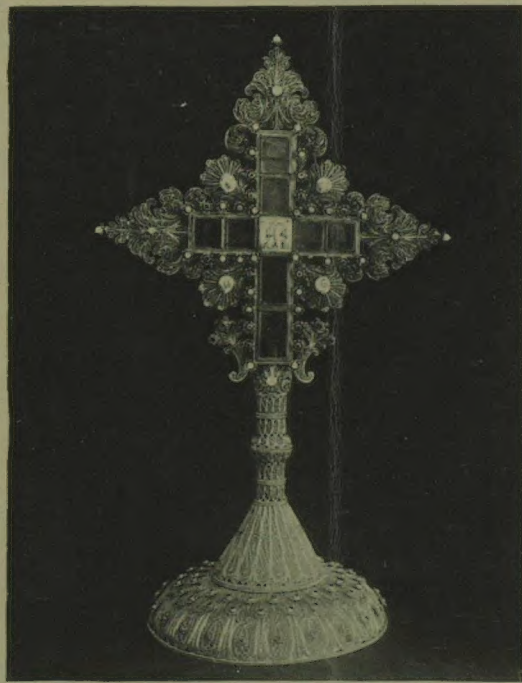
1. IN THE SACRED SHRINE DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE: THE CHAPEL OF THE FINDING OF THE CROSS IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



2. THE GUARDIAN OF CHRISTENDOM'S HOLIEST SHRINE AND RELIC: ARCHIMANDRITE KYRIAKOS AND THE CROSS CONTAINING THE LARGEST KNOWN FRAGMENT OF THE TRUE WOOD.



3. CONTAINING RELICS (OR BONES) OF THE APOSTLES: A CRYSTAL RELIQUARY, WITH THE RECEPTACLE FITTING INTO IT, FOUND IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AT JERUSALEM—A SOUVENIR OF THE CRUSADES.



4. CARRIED OFF BY CHOSROES AND RECOVERED BY HERACLIUS: THE CROSS CONTAINING THE LARGEST FRAGMENT OF THE TRUE WOOD IN A GOLD FRAME.



5. CONTAINING THE SECOND LARGEST FRAGMENT OF THE TRUE WOOD: THE BYZANTINE CROSS IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—THE RUBY-COVERED BACK.



6. THE FRONT OF THE BYZANTINE CROSS: THE SACRED WOOD FORMING THE SMALLER DARK CROSS RESTING ON A LARGER ONE CRUSTED WITH DIAMONDS.

[Continued.]

to Persia. A tradition of this period has also come down to us relative to the preservation of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem—namely, that in the clerestory mosaic representing the Council of Nicea, and so on, there was a panel depicting the visit of the Wise Men of the East, whom Chosroes recognised as his Persian ancestors, and consequently spared the church! Fourteen years later the Byzantine Emperor Heraclius carried the war into Persia, defeated Chosroes, and recovered the sacred relic, which was carried back in triumph to Jerusalem. On one day of the year, the Feast of the Finding of the Cross, September 14, this sacred relic is carried by the Patriarch in a procession around

the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, terminating with a special service in the holy cave where the Cross is said to have been found by Queen Helena. The second, or Byzantine Cross, contains the next largest fragment of the True Cross. It is a part taken from the wood encased in the filigree cross described above. This was for some time, during the Byzantine Empire, kept in Constantinople, till the reign of Emperor John Paleologus, who felt that its rightful place was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Another interesting sacred relic in Jerusalem is the reliquary in crystal discovered twenty-five years ago during excavations at the Church of St. John. It is evidently a Crusader relic of the twelfth century."

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB IN BYGONE AGES: HISTORIC NATIVITY MODELS.



WITH THE "STAR IN THE EAST" OVER THE GROTTO, AND THE THREE KINGS OFFERING GIFTS: A CRIB BY RINGLER, INNRAIN, TYROL.



WITH A GROUP OF ANGELS BEARING THE STAR, AND THE THREE KINGS ARRIVING ON CAMELS: A CRIB BY HERMANN SCHWARZ, VOLDERS, TYROL.



DESCRIBED AS "'JERUSALEM'—DETAIL OF THE MOSER CRIB IN BOTZEN, TYROL; FIRST HALF OF NINETEENTH CENTURY": A MODEL (IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT MUNICH) REPRESENTING A TOWN ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WITH A CAVALCADE OF THE THREE KINGS WITH THEIR GIFTS ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM.



A RUINED BUILDING ON A MOUND, INSTEAD OF A CAVE OR GROTTO, AS THE SCENE OF THE NATIVITY: "THE WORSHIP OF THE KINGS," A BAVARIAN WORK FROM MUNICH (1800).



SHOWING AN ANGEL ABOVE THE SCENE OF THE NATIVITY, AND THE THREE KINGS WORSHIPPING THE HOLY CHILD: A CRIB BY GLEICHERVIERL IN VOLDERS, TYROL.

The making of a crib, and other kindred tableaux, at Christmas, is a very old custom in many lands. (It was a favourite practice, for example, with St Francis of Assisi), and some of the early cribs were much more elaborate than those of the present day. These interesting photographs have reached us from Vienna, with somewhat fragmentary information as to the particular models illustrated, but on the subject in general our correspondent writes: "Even in the earliest times of Christianity there existed crib reproductions. The most ancient ones are from Bethlehem, and contain very primitively shaped figures. From the East

the worship of Christmas cribs was transmitted to Rome. It was Pope Liberius who, in 354, instituted there for the first time the celebration of Christ's nativity as a feast, and Bethlehem relics were brought to Rome and worshipped there in the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore. In the fifteenth century large clay and terra-cotta cribs were made in Italy, and prominent artists put their whole heart into this work. These representations were very often genuine works of art; the figures seemed full of life, with heads artistically shaped true to nature, hands and feet carved in wood, and the bodies mostly made of oakum and clothed in

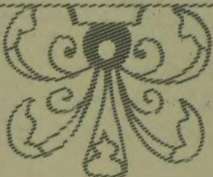
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"THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE VIRGIN MARY": A REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS TABLEAU CONSTRUCTED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, PRESERVED AT NAPLES.



Historic
Christmas
Tableaux:
Elaborate
Models
of the
Annunciation
and the
Nativity
Preserved at
Naples,
Munich,
and
Innsbruck.



"THE WORSHIP OF THE SHEPHERDS": A BAVARIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE NATIVITY DATING FROM ABOUT 1800, NOW AT MUNICH.



INCLUDING A FIGURE OF A COCK (IN CENTRE, ABOVE ST. JOSEPH): A PICTURESQUE MODEL OF THE NATIVITY DESCRIBED AS "A CRIB BY FUHRICH (V. RITTINGER) IN INNSBRUCK."



ENTITLED "THE WORSHIP OF THE SHEPHERDS": A CHRISTMAS CRIB CONSTRUCTED BY GIUSEPPE SAMMARTINO IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND NOW IN NAPLES.

Continued.

In Naples such cribs were also set up by private people at high cost; these were real show pieces which were sometimes even exhibited on the flat roofs of houses, under the blue sky, in the reflection of the flames from Mount Vesuvius. Not only in Italy, but in Germany too, there were prominent artists at work to shape the figures for the cribs; and while in Italy the cribs were exhibited under the sunny sky, in Germany they were displayed amid snow and ice, with still greater devotion and feeling perhaps, and often also with

much splendour, especially in the time of the Baroque and Rococo styles. A cheerful spirit is reflected in the cribs created in that epoch; pastoral idylls were mingled with them, and there is much fantasy and poetic feeling expressed in the representations. The eighteenth century was the most brilliant epoch for these graceful works. Very often, however, such cribs are still to be found in the mountainous districts of Germany." Our reproductions show cribs from Naples, Sicily, and the Tyrol.

FIRED BY ALEXANDER AT THE WHIM OF THAIS? PERSEPOLIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1148.)

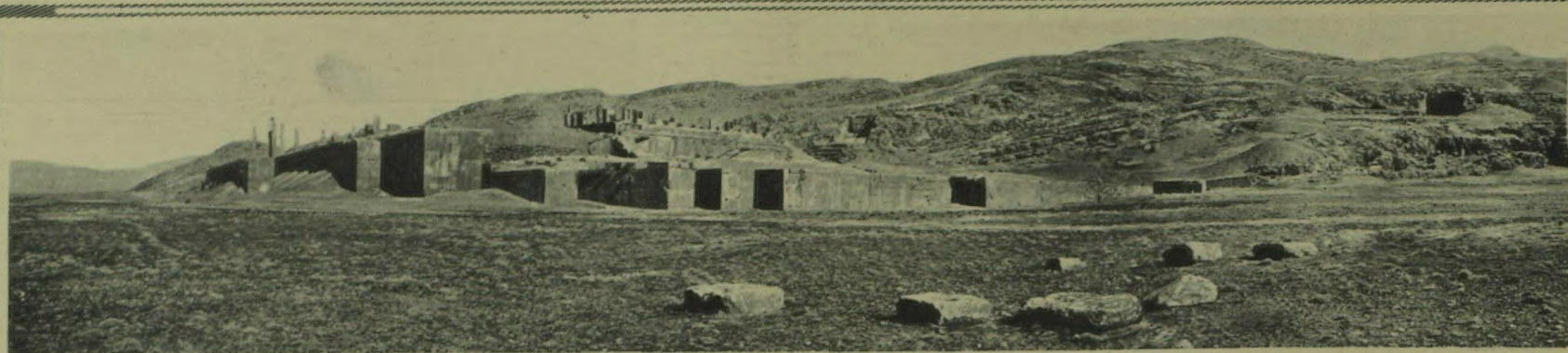


FIG. 1. "AS THE RUINS APPEAR TO-DAY, AT THE FOOT OF THE BARE GREY ROCK, OVERLOOKING THE VAST GREEN PLAIN, WITH NOTHING TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OR IMPAIR THE IMPRESSION, THEY FORM A MONUMENT UNIQUE IN THE WORLD": A PANORAMIC VIEW OF PERSEPOLIS, THE GLORY OF PERSIA, SEEN FROM THE WEST.

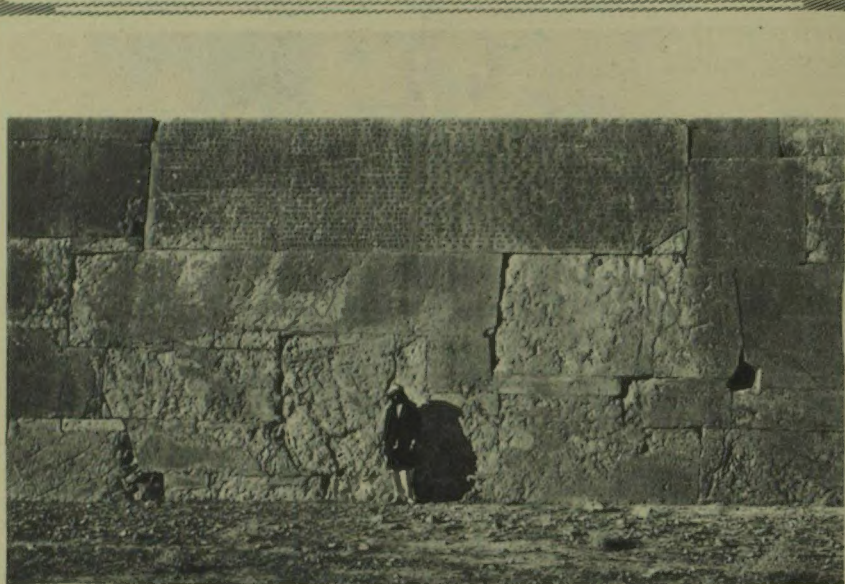


FIG. 2. PART OF THE TERRACE WALL AT PERSEPOLIS, WITH A LONG INSCRIPTION ON THE GREAT STONE IN THE CENTRE AT THE TOP: A VIEW SHOWING THE HUGE SIZE OF THE BLOCKS OF MASONRY.



FIG. 3. THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE PERSIAN KINGS: THE GREAT STAIRWAY LEADING UP TO THE GATE OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT PERSEPOLIS.

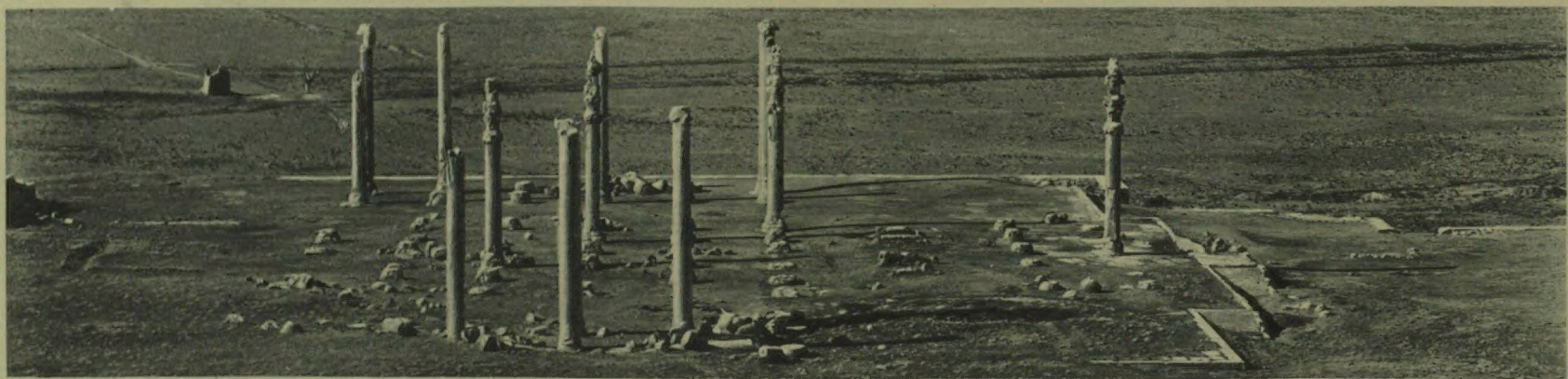


FIG. 4. ONCE THE SEAT OF PERSIAN MAJESTY IN THE ROYAL CITY BEGUN BY DARIUS IN 518 B.C., AND FINISHED BY HIS SON, XERXES, IN 485 B.C.: ALL THAT REMAINS TO-DAY OF THE GREAT AUDIENCE HALL OF DARIUS (THE ROOF OF WHICH WAS SUPPORTED BY 36 COLUMNS), BUILT ON A LOFTY TERRACE AND APPROACHED BY FOUR STAIRCASES FROM THE MAIN GATE OF THE PALACE.



FIG. 5. EVIDENCE OF THE GREAT FIRE WHICH DESTROYED PERSEPOLIS—AN ACT ATTRIBUTED BY GREEK TRADITION TO ALEXANDER, EITHER TO GRATIFY A WHIM OF THAIS, OR IN REVENGE FOR THE DESTRUCTION BY THE PERSIANS OF THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS AT EPHEBUS: RUINS OF THE HALL OF XERXES AT PERSEPOLIS, SHOWING THE MANY GATEWAYS ALL ADORNED WITH SCULPTURE.

The mighty ruins of Persepolis, "the glory of the Persian world," are described by Professor Herzfeld on page 1148, in the second of his articles dealing with his recent researches and discoveries in Persia. The building of the city, he recalls, was begun by Darius in 518 B.C., and finished after the accession of his son, Xerxes, in 485 B.C. "Persepolis," we read, "was destroyed by a tremendous conflagration, traces of which are visible everywhere. The Greek romantic tradition about Alexander the Great, as well as the Zoroastrian writings, two sources not very reliable, but probably independent of each other, attribute this

act of destruction to the great conqueror. It is said to have been done in revenge for the burning of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus by the Persians, and to announce to the world the beginning of a new age. Another tradition relates that it was but the perverse fancy of the fair Thais. At any rate, that enormous conflagration is a historical fact." The story of Alexander and Thais, inflamed by the song of the bard Timotheus, setting fire to Persepolis, is most familiar to English readers, of course, as immortalised in Dryden's famous poem "Alexander's Feast."



FIG. 1. THE MIGHTY RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS, THE CAPITAL OF ANCIENT PERSIA: COLUMNS OF THE GREAT AUDIENCE HALL OF DARIUS, SHOWING TRACES OF THE DECORATIVE SCULPTURE ON THEIR BASES.

WONDERS
OF
ANCIENT
PERSIAN
SCULPTURE:
XERXES
ENTHRONED;
COLOSSAL
BULLS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PROFESSOR ERNST
HERZFELD.
(SEE HIS ARTICLE
ON PAGE 1148.)



FIG. 2. THE KING WHO "SAT ON THE ROCKY BROW THAT LOOKS O'ER SEA-BORN SALAMIS": XERXES ON HIS THRONE—A MAJESTIC RELIEF IN THE HALL OF THE HUNDRED COLUMNS AT PERSEPOLIS.



FIG. 3. GUARDING THE INNER DOOR OF THE MAIN GATEWAY TO THE PALACE AT PERSEPOLIS: ONE OF A PAIR OF GIGANTIC WINGED AND HUMAN-HEADED BULLS, WITH INSCRIPTIONS ABOVE.

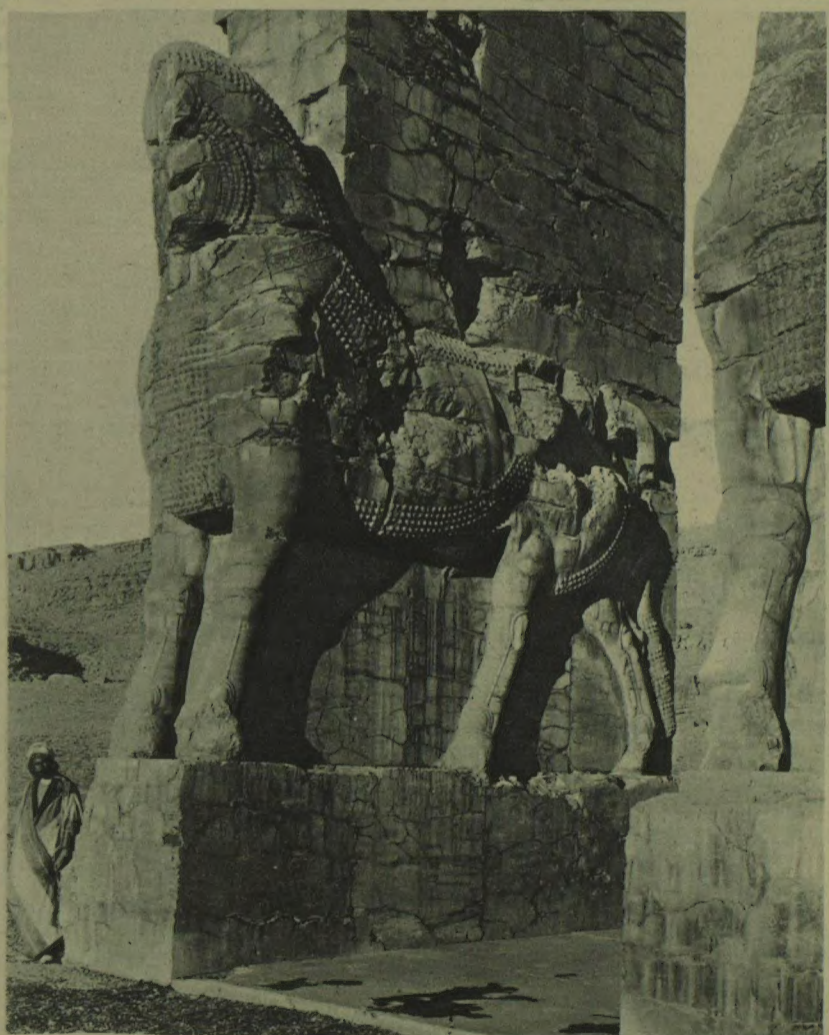


FIG. 4. GUARDING THE OUTER DOOR OF THE MAIN GATEWAY TO THE PALACE AT PERSEPOLIS: A PAIR OF COLOSSAL BULLS (THAT ON THE RIGHT SEEN ONLY IN PART) FAR EXCEEDING IN SIZE THOSE OF ASSYRIA.

Sculpture as well as architecture rose to impressive heights in ancient Persia, in the days of Darius and Xerxes, as may be seen from these illustrations. Describing the approach to the royal palace at Persepolis, Professor Ernst Herzfeld says (in his article on page 1148) concerning his recent researches in Persia: "The main entrance hall was a square chamber constructed within the thickness of the wall, the ceiling being supported by four columns. The outer and the inner doors are guarded by pairs of colossi, of old Assyrian or Anatolian pedigree, but far surpassing their ancestors in size; a pair of bulls outside, and

a pair of human-headed winged bulls inside. . . . The huge audience hall of Darius consisted of a central room, the roof of which was supported by thirty-six columns. . . . To the east lie the ruins of a second audience hall, that of Xerxes, called the 'Hall of the Hundred Columns.' All the gates of that hall bear sculptures, representing the king giving audience, the king on the throne, and the king fighting four monstrous demons." The figure of Xerxes enthroned recalls the famous lines of Byron on the battle of Salamis, where the Persian king, watching from "a rocky brow," saw his fleet destroyed by the Greeks.

THE PAST IN PERSIA.

II.—THE ACHAEMENIAN PERIOD: REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AT PERSEPOLIS (550-330 B.C.)

By PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD, the well-known German Archaeologist.

This is the second of a series of four articles written for us by Professor Herzfeld, on his discoveries in Persia. The first article, on the prehistoric period, was given in our issue of Nov. 19. The other two will follow later.

THE glory of the Persian world is and will be for many centuries Persepolis. Architecture and sculpture combined here to create a lasting monument of human grandeur, symbolised in the person of the "king of this wide earth," and they succeeded in their efforts. As the ruins appear to-day, at the foot of the bare grey rock overlooking the vast green plain, with nothing to distract the attention or to impair the impression, they form a monument unique in the world, instinct with the lesson of the ages. One ought to pass a night there during a full moon, wandering through the ruins, when things long gone resume the appearance of what they once have been.

Persepolis was begun by Darius as soon as he had crushed the rebellions following the usurpation of the false Bardiya, in 518 B.C., and was finished after the accession of his son Xerxes, in 485 B.C. Apart from a few insignificant additions, the entire place, with the fortification on the rock behind and the small town surrounding the high terrace, was the work of those years (Fig. 1, page 1146).

Almost all the previous researches concerning Persepolis and the attempts at reconstruction hitherto made—although, like the widely spread "History of Art," by Perrot and Chipiez, very nice—are totally wrong on the main point: they have not observed the remains of the colossal walls, constructed of sun-dried bricks or clay only, that hid almost completely

pair of bulls outside (Fig. 4, page 1147), and a pair of human-headed, winged bulls inside (Fig. 3, page 1147).

Leaving aside the interior walls that divide the area of the terrace into different courtyards, we find

surely included some religious building, make it probable that the mound was a kind of fire-temple, resembling in shape the temple-towers of Babylonia.

Adjoining it, on different levels of the platform, and very cleverly communicating by highly orna-

mented staircases, there are the winter-palace of Darius and the summer-palace of Xerxes (Fig. 1, on this page). The palace of Xerxes has a fine balcony, overlooking the lowest part of the terrace to the south, where there are plain traces of a kind of "hanging garden." This garden stretched to the edge of the terrace on the south, and on the east extended to a third palace. These smaller palaces all contain a main room similar to that of the audience halls, and, besides a number of small rooms, baths and lavatories. They apparently served the daily life of the king. As in the third palace, deeply covered with earth and debris, the central hall is the smallest, and the accompanying rooms occupy more space than in the other two, and, as it lies in the

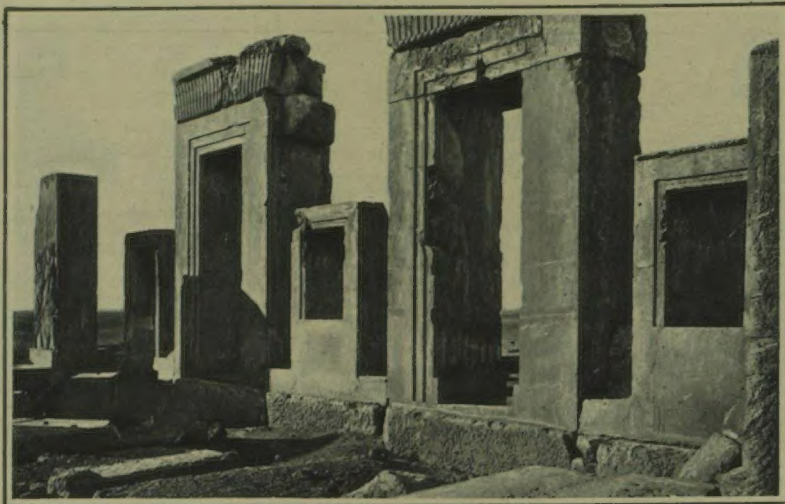


FIG. 1. WHERE PERSIAN KINGS HELD STATE: PART OF A BUILDING AT PERSEPOLIS CONTAINING THE "WINTER" PALACE OF DARIUS AND THE "SUMMER" PALACE OF XERXES, CONNECTED BY STAIRCASES.

to the right the front of the huge audience hall of Darius (Fig. 4, page 1146, and Fig. 1, page 1147), consisting of a central room, the roof of which was

supported by thirty-six columns, and three open porticoes on three sides. The two front corners of the building were formed by a pair of solid towers constructed of sun-dried bricks. This audience hall occupies an elevated part of the terrace, to which one ascends, from the main gate, by four staircases. The sustaining wall is adorned with the representation of the great tribute procession of the various nations at the New Year festival. Fig. 2 on this page gives as a specimen the tribute of one of the three Indian nations which formed part of the empire. To the east lie the ruins of a second audience hall, that of Xerxes, called, after the hundred columns that support the ceiling of the main room, the "Hall of the Hundred Columns," a name already given, in Sassanian times, to the whole terrace. Fig. 5 on page 1146 shows the

remotest part of the terrace, bordering the garden, it seems to have been the harem.

On the steep slope of the rock behind the terrace are two royal tombs. A third one, left unfinished, lies at the end of a spur of the rock to the south of the town. These three tombs belong to the last three Achæmenids. The tombs behind the palaces were separated from them, and from each other, by high walls. The walls also extend up the mountain, and the enclosed area shows many traces of having been used for military guards, in the shape of foundations of smaller structures, many fragments of broken pottery, bronze arrow-heads, and other implements.

Persepolis was destroyed by a tremendous conflagration, the traces of which are visible everywhere. The Greek romantic tradition about Alexander the Great, as well as the Zoroastrian writings—two sources not very reliable, but probably independent of each other—attribute this act of destruction to the great conqueror. It is said to have been done in revenge for the burning of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus by the Persians, and to announce to the world the beginning of a new age. Another tradition relates that it was but the perverse fancy of the fair Thais. At any rate, that enormous conflagration is a historical fact, and, intentionally or not, it was the symbol of the final fall of the ancient world. Persepolis is the last and highest expression of the artistic genius of the ancient

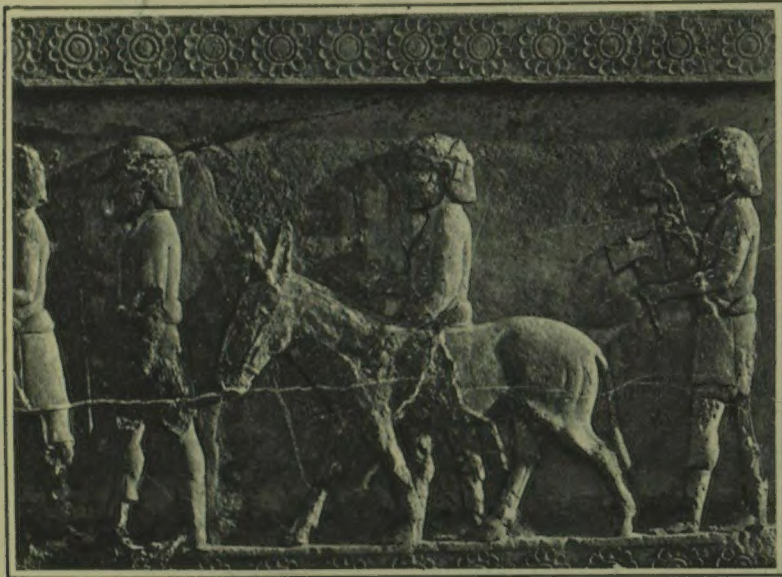


FIG. 2. PART OF A NEW YEAR PROCESSION OF NATIONS BRINGING TRIBUTE TO THE KING OF PERSIA: INDIANS, WITH A DONKEY—A FINE SCULPTURED RELIEF ON THE SUSTAINING WALL OF THE PALACE OF DARIUS AT PERSEPOLIS.

the wonders behind them. The rains of twenty-five centuries have left only a few traces of them on the terrace itself, but traces there are everywhere, at some places still reaching the astonishing height of fifty feet. Hence, Persepolis, as one would naturally expect from an antique royal residence, was evidently a very strong fortress. The town at the foot of the platform had walls with a ditch, best preserved at its south-west corner. Seen from the distance, these walls were surmounted by the walls encircling the terrace. The height of the substructure of gigantic stones (Fig. 2, page 1146), reaches in parts about fifty feet. The walls above it had at least the same height. And behind it rose a third wall, climbing up the spur of the rocky mountain behind the terrace to a height of 400 feet, where the remains of the walls still attain the height of fifty feet, probably not more than half of the original elevation.

This strong fortress had but one gate, to which leads a large double staircase (Fig. 3, page 1146). For the first time in history, architecture made here an artistic use of the beauties of a staircase, and this first great specimen, leading up, in two wings, to a height of about forty feet, is one of the finest and easiest staircases in the world. It can be ascended on horseback without difficulty. The main entrance-hall was a square chamber constructed within the thickness of the wall, the ceiling being supported by four columns. The outer and the inner doors are guarded by pairs of *colossi*, of old Assyrian or Anatolian pedigree, but far surpassing their ancestors in size, a

of this edifice by fire. All the gates of that hall bear sculptures, representing the king giving audience, the king on the throne (Fig. 2 on page 1147), and the king fighting four monstrous demons.

So much for the public part of the palace. Behind lies the *Andarûn*, the agglomeration of buildings devoted to the private life of the king. This section was separated from the others by a tract of building giving access to the different parts behind. At first there is a considerable mound, which has been regarded as a mere heap of debris and rubbish. As a matter of fact, it consists of splinters of stone and other refuse of building material, filling a square of thick walls of sun-dried bricks, lined with a covering of enamelled bricks. The mound is the remains of a lofty platform once rising over the height of the roofs of the palaces around. The building material, the square plan and design of the structure—things unique at Persepolis—the central situation, and the consideration that a royal residence of antiquity



FIG. 3. A LION-HEAD FROM THE STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF DARIUS AT PERSEPOLIS: A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT PERSIAN SYMBOLIC SCULPTURE.

East. A world perished in its flames, and took from that moment its place among the things that had ceased to be. And never did a world perish with greater splendour.

OUR FIRST SUBMARINE ACTION AGAINST PIRATES: "L4" AND "IRENE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A STEAMER CAPTURED FROM CHINESE PIRATES BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE: THE S.S. "IRENE" ON FIRE, AND "L4" (WITH LIEUT. HALAHAN, COMMANDER, ON THE BRIDGE) RESCUING PASSENGERS AND CREW.

Amid the general chaos in China pirates take occasion, from time to time, to practise their nefarious trade. We are now able to give an authentic drawing, based on material supplied by an eye-witness, of the capture in Bias Bay, last October, of the pirated steamer "Irene," by Submarine "L4," commanded by Lieut. F. J. C. Halahan. It is believed to have been the first time in history that our Navy has used under-water craft in the suppression of piracy. Pirates who had come aboard the "Irene" as passengers overpowered the officers

and brought her into Bias Bay at 8 p.m. The "L4" was exercising there, and Lieut. Halahan, seeing no lights in the steamer, ordered her to stop. As the order was disobeyed, the "L4" opened fire, and a well-aimed shell disabled the "Irene's" engines, killing some pirates, among them one about to shoot the engineer. Fire broke out aft in the "Irene," and those on board took to the water. The "L4" came up, and all the passengers and crew, some 258, were saved.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

As this number bears the date of Christmas Eve, it seems appropriate to treat the "books of the day" as Christmas books. Here, then, are some eleventh-hour suggestions to home readers regarding Christmas presents, and also Christmas holidays, for (in the language of commerce) I can offer a wide range in the department of travel and topography. My remarks on each book must perforce be extremely brief, as I still have nearly sixty in stock, though for several weeks I have been disposing of a score or so at a time. Such is what Mr. Wells might call the autumnal "proliferation" of the publishers. The climax, however, has been reached, and after Christmas I hope to have more space to spare for some of those that merit fuller treatment.

In the forefront of the season's battle of gift-books may be set "THE PASSING SEASONS." Depicted by Lionel Edwards (*Country Life*; Ltd.; £3 3s.), a large oblong album containing eighteen beautiful colour-plates—landscapes with a sporting element. This artist's delightful work is familiar to our readers, and the charm of his new volume is happily hit off in a preface signed "Crascredo," who says: "Whatever things are lovely as the seasons pass in the English countryside, he has shown them to us here." With that opinion I desire to be associated.

Another sumptuous "picture book" (the authors' own phrase) emanating from the office of *Country Life*, and equalling in dimensions a bound annual volume of that paper, is a lavishly illustrated work entitled "GARDEN ORNAMENT." By Gertrude Jekyll and Christopher Hussey (£3 3s.). It covers every phase of ornament in the grounds of great country houses—sculpture, stonework, topiary, lakes, fountains, and so on—with a general prologue and a short introduction to each of the twenty sections. There are 434 pages, mostly consisting of photographs, and the quality of the reproduction work is of the very highest.

The "mistress art" (as Sir Reginald Blomfield calls it) has inspired six books, all beautifully illustrated. Of a general character are "A SHORT CRITICAL HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE." By H. Heathcote Statham. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Edited by G. Maxwell Aylwin, F.R.I.B.A. With 678 illustrations (Batsford; 16s.); and a smaller volume, in the Simple Guide series, entitled "ARCHITECTURE." By A. L. N. Russell, A.R.I.B.A. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). Two outstanding special studies of Continental work are "GERMAN BAROQUE ART." By Sacheverell Sitwell. With forty-nine plates (Duckworth; 25s.); and a new volume in the "Historical Architecture" Library, "THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY." By William J. Anderson. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged by Arthur Stratton. With 274 illustrations (Batsford; 21s.). Homeland arts associated with architecture are represented in "ENGLISH CHURCH WOODWORK." (Mediaeval period, A.D. 1250-1550). By F. G. Howard and F. H. Crossley. Second Edition, revised. With 480 illustrations (Batsford; 35s.); and "ENGLISH MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE SINCE THE RENAISSANCE." By Katherine A. Esdaile (S.P.C.K.; 10s. 6d.).

The claim of architecture to be "mistress" of the arts need not imply seniority, for a mistress may be younger than her maids. With all due respect to Sir Reginald, I would suggest that the art of building was preceded by the art of painting, practised on the rocks by palæolithic man when nature was his architect. In a group of books on the graphic arts, precedence belongs to one concerned with a modern compatriot of the Cro-Magnon school—"CÉZANNE: A STUDY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT." By Roger Fry. With forty plates (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.). A painter who, as the author says, "counts pre-eminently as a great classic master" is here interpreted by a master critic. It is a book that no student of modern art should neglect. Cézanne figures among many other painters, from Roman times onward, in a notable work of critical history, "THE ART OF STILL-LIFE PAINTING." By Herbert Furst. With Colour Frontispiece (from Matisse), and eighty-four other plates (Chapman and Hall; 21s.). Two instructional books, fully and attractively illustrated, that should be of great value to young artists for commercial and general purposes, are "GRAPHIC DESIGN." By W. G. Raffé (Chapman and Hall; 21s.), and "DRAWING, DESIGN, AND CRAFT-WORK. FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS." By Frederick J. Glass. Second Edition (Batsford; 12s.).

Pitfalls of the artistic temperament are discussed in a stimulating little book called "MENTAL HANDICAPS IN ART." By Theo. B. Hyslop. With Foreword by Professor Arthur Thomson (Baillière, Tindall and Cox; 3s. 6d.). Of more or less kindred interest in connection with the subject of mind—in modern and primitive man—are "STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGY." Memory, Emotion, Consciousness, Sleep, Dreams and Allied Mental Phenomena.

By Dr. William Elder (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.); "THE OPPOSITE SEXES." A Study of Woman's Natural and Cultural History. By Dr. Adolf Heilborn. Translated from the German by J. E. Pryde-Hughes. With eighteen illustrations (Methuen; 6s.); "THE CLASH OF CULTURE AND THE CONTACT OF RACES." An Anthropological and Psychological Study of the Laws of Racial Adaptability, with special reference to the Depopulation of the Pacific and the Government of Subject Races. By George Henry Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers (Routledge; 18s.); "SOME NIGERIAN FERTILITY CULTS." By P. Amaury Talbot. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d.); and "PAPERS ON THE ETHNOLOGY AND ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE MALAY PENINSULA." By Ivor H. N. Evans. Illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 15s.)—a pack of pleasure for any ethnologist.

Having inadvertently wandered into Asia, I will just jot down (for further notice) the name of an imposing volume worthy of "the gorgeous East"—"VANISHING CHINA." By Arthur H. Heath. With twenty-four Colour-Plates (Thornton Butterworth; 30s.). The author pictures China just before the Great War and the Chinese Revolution. The cover is in suitably perilous yellow.

Before entering the Christmas travel bureau, let us pause a moment in the graver atmosphere of history and pre-history. From a distinguished anthropologist, who is a contributor to our pages, comes a valuable work of research (of which I shall say more in a future issue), entitled "THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN EAST ANGlia." By J. Reid Moir. Illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 15s.). Visits to "every important Norman building in

By E.V. Knox ("Evoye" of *Punch*). With illustrations by George Morrow (Chatto and Windus; 6s.). Herein is much entertainment.

These books being both commended to American readers, I reciprocate by advising every Briton to read "New York." By "Quex." With a Preface by Jeffery Farnol (Stanley Paul; 3s. 6d.). Unpretentious descriptions of everyday happenings, and talks with all sorts and conditions of men, combine to produce a vivid picture. Mr. Jeffery Farnol, who praises the book's sincerity and spirit of good fellowship, reveals the fact that "Quex" is the pseudonym of Mr. George Nichols.

If New York is rather beyond our Christmas holiday range, what about a trip to Paris? Here are three seductive books that will appeal to those who brave the wintry Channel—"A BOOK ABOUT PARIS." By George and Pearl Adam. With pictures by H. Franks Waring (Cape; 12s. 6d.); "PARIS ROSEMARY." For Remembrance of Bygone Scenes and Circumstances. By Sir John W. Simpson. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.); and "ON A PARIS ROUNDABOUT." By Jan Gordon. With twenty-two illustrations by the Author (Lane; 12s. 6d.).

London, too, is a Christmas holiday resort, and does not lack its literary tributes. Four additions thereto that will interest both the visitor and the native-born are—"LONDON REBUILT, 1897-1927." By Harold Clunn. Illustrated (Murray; 18s.); "LONDON NIGHTS OF LONG AGO" (i.e., twenty-five to thirty years). By Shaw Desmond. With twenty-eight illustrations (Duckworth; 21s.); "THIS LONDON." Its Taverns, Haunts, and Memories. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated (Cecil Palmer; 10s. 6d.); and a pleasant little prose anthology, ranging over three centuries, "A LONDON OMNIBUS." Illustrated from old prints (Chatto and Windus; 2s. 6d.).

In the category of London literature may also be included two attractive books associated with its exotic fauna in captivity. "ANIMAL MYSTERIES." By E. G. Boulenger, Director of the Zoological Society's Aquarium. Illustrated by photographs, and drawings by L. R. Brightwell (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.); and "MYSTERIES OF THE ZOO." By Helen M. Sidebotham. With eight plates (Cassell; 5s.); Mysteriuser and mysteriuser! I must go to Regent's Park and investigate; and perhaps I had better take Baker Street on the way, and retain the services of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

After London, the provinces. Anyone going west for the holiday will naturally want some books in keeping, and what could be better than a volume or two from the new Widecombe edition of Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor novels? The latest pair issued (of the promised twenty) are Vols. 9 and 10, "THE FOREST" and "THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT." With Frontispiece (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. each); daintily bound, beautifully printed, and wholly delightful. Out of the west also comes a gossipy pilgrimage book, passing rich in pictorial allurements, "UNKNOWN SOMERSET." By Donald Maxwell. Being a series of unmethodical Explorations of the County, illustrated in line and colour by the Author (Lane; 15s.). The colour frontispiece is particularly seasonable—"Alpine Somerset: a Winter Impression near Cheddar." This colossal twist in the Cheddar Gorge turns one's thoughts naturally to that other gorge for which we are all preparing.

For holiday-makers northward bound to the land of tykes, a cheery companion would be "DALE FOLK." By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. Illustrated by Fred Lawson (Lane; 10s. 6d.). Here we meet some Yorkshire counterparts of the Phillpotts moor folk, and hear about the Christmas present that so enraptured "Robin-a-Dale aged two and a half." No, I shall not tell you what it was; you must find out.

If faring north of Tweed, you may safely take with you "THE BOOK OF THE CLYDE." Being a connected series of Drawings and Observations of the River from its Source to the Firth. By Donald Maxwell. With colour Frontispiece and numerous line drawings (Lane; 10s. 6d.); and along with it "WILD DRUMALBAIN, OR THE ROAD TO MEGGERNIE AND GLEN COE." By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor. With forty beautiful photographs (Chambers; 7s. 6d.). In the sixteenth century, we read, there were wolves in Scotland, and the last wolf seen in Perthshire was killed by a woman with a spittle. Do you know what a spittle is? Nor did I; but, if you read this admirable book, you will probably make a good guess; and you will otherwise enrich your vocabulary in the canny tongue (of Roderick Dhu, not Paysandu) which gave us that ever seasonable song, "Auld Lang Syne." C. E. B.



A SABLE ANTELOPE.



A BUFFALO.



A DANCING NEGRO.

SCULPTURED FROM THE WILD: ANIMALS OF AFRICA—AND A DANCER—AT THE FRITZ BEHN EXHIBITION.

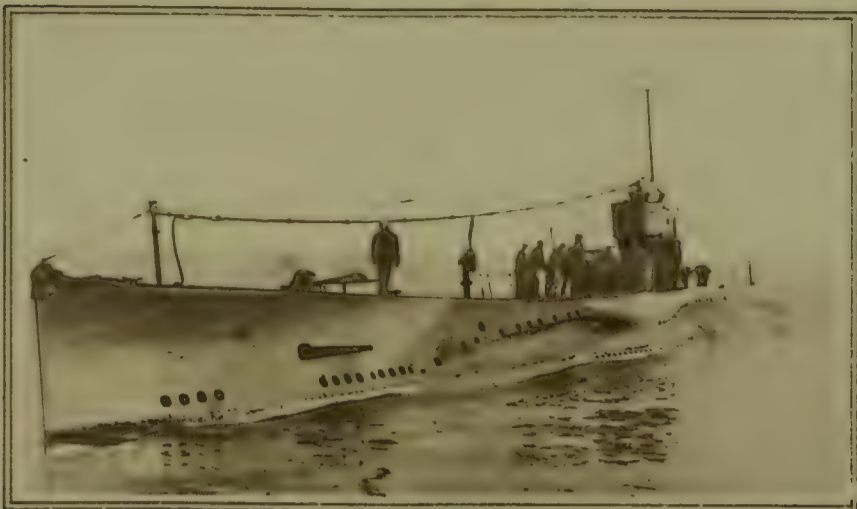
It has been said of Fritz Behn, the well-known German sculptor, an exhibition of whose work was opened at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, in New Bond Street, on December 14, that he has much in common with the artists of the Renaissance, in that he has not confined himself to a single method or a single medium. A visit to Africa inspired him with the desire to sculpture its fauna; and, having been attracted to his subject, he was not content to seek his models in captivity; he studied them in the wild.

every county" have resulted in "THE GRAND TOUR OF NORMAN ENGLAND." By Arthur Weigall. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). The hand of the Norman is felt, too, in "THE GREY SHRINES OF ENGLAND." By Arthur Grant. Illustrated (Chambers; 7s. 6d.); and that of an earlier invader in "EXCAVATIONS IN NEW FOREST ROMAN POTTERY SITES." By Heywood Sumner. Illustrated (Chiswick Press; 12s. 6d.).

How many of those who see "Robinson Crusoe" as a Christmas pantomime give a thought to its original author? Fewer still, I imagine, associate him with "A TOUR THROUGH THE WHOLE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN." By Daniel Defoe, Gent., now reprinted in two beautifully produced volumes, with the old maps of Herman Moll, and an introduction by G. H. D. Cole. Edition limited to 1000 sets (Peter Davies; £3 3s. a set). A wonderful man, Defoe!

Modern Britain is portrayed, in the lighter modern style, in two very taking little books. One is an account of "a joyous pilgrimage" by "a middle-aged Colonial," entitled "HOME." A New Zealander's Adventure. By Alan Mulgan. With Preface by J. C. Squire and Woodcuts by Clare Leighton (Longmans; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Squire suggests that it "might well be circulated in America and Europe" to explain England, who never explains herself. The other is a sparklingly comic medley in prose and verse, "I'LL TELL THE WORLD." A Guide to the Greatness of England, mainly intended for American use.

EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A SISTER SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES SUBMARINE "S4" (RECENTLY SUNK IN COLLISION WITH 40 OFFICERS AND MEN ABOARD): THE U.S. SUBMARINE "S3."



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE 1ST BATTALION AT BLACKDOWN, ESCORTED BY GENERAL DEEDES AND MAJOR KEPPEL (RIGHT).



THE HOUSE "WITH A WINDOW FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR" BURNED DOWN: STOKE EDITH, A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE.



WITH SALVED FURNITURE AND ART TREASURES SCATTERED ABOUT THE LAWN: THE BURNING OF STOKE EDITH, NEAR HEREFORD—THE FIRE BRIGADE AT WORK ON THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL-ELECT OF THE IRISH FREE STATE: MR. JAMES McNEILL.



BRITISH MOTORISTS WHO HAVE BROKEN THE 15,000-MILE AND MANY OTHER "RECORDS" BY A GREAT FEAT OF ENDURANCE COMPLETED IN BITTERLY COLD WEATHER: THE HON. VICTOR BRUCE AND MRS. BRUCE.



THE SCOTTISH MISSIONARY WHO OBTAINED CAPT. LALOR'S RELEASE FROM CHINESE PIRATES: THE REV. FORBES TOCHER, M.C.



THE DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CONSERVATIVE M.P.: THE LATE SIR GRANVILLE WHEELER, BT.



FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY CO.: THE LATE LORD LAWRENCE.

The U.S. Submarine "S4," with forty on board, was rammed and sunk, on December 17, by a coastguard destroyer off Provincetown, Massachusetts. It was reported that divers had established communication with six men still alive inside.—The Duchess of York, who lately became Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, inspected the 1st Battalion at Blackdown, Aldershot, on December 15.—Stoke Edith Park, Mr. Paul Foley's house near Hereford, was one of the finest seventeenth-century houses in the country, and was noted for having 365 windows.—Mr. James McNeill, who is to succeed Mr. T. M. Healy as Governor-General of the Irish Free State, is Irish High Commissioner in London.—

Sir Granville Wheeler was M.P. for Faversham.—Mr. and Mrs. Bruce concluded their nine-days' day-and-night run on the Linas Monthéry track, near Paris, on December 18, having made a new 15,000-mile motoring record, covering the distance in 220 h. 32 m. 54.38-100 sec., and beating Miss Violet Cordery's previous record by over forty-eight hours.—The Rev. Forbes Tocher, who negotiated the release of Captain Lalor from Chinese pirates, is a well-known missionary of the Church of Scotland, in charge of St. Andrew's School at Ichang.—Lord Lawrence was a son of the first Lord Lawrence of the Punjab, and was himself made a Baron in 1923. He was an able railway director, and prominent in the insurance world.

JEWELS IN PICTURES: THE GOLDSMITH'S ART IN OLD MASTERS.



FIG. 3. A CASKETFUL OF 16TH-CENTURY JEWELS ON A CHARGER: "THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER," BY LUCAS CRANACH (PAINTED ABOUT 1530).



FIG. 4. WEARING A HUGE PENDANT AND CLUSTERS OF JEWELS ON HER DRESS: ELIZABETH OF VALOIS, THIRD WIFE OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN—THE PORTRAIT BY SIR ANTONIO MORO.



FIG. 5. WITH A PENDANT POSSIBLY DESIGNED BY HOLBEIN: HIS PORTRAIT OF JANE SEYMOUR, SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE, 1537.



FIG. 6. IN A GOLD CROWN SET WITH PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES, BEFORE A JEWELLED THRONE: AGNES SOREL AS THE MADONNA AMONG CHERUBIM, BY JEAN FOUQUET (ABOUT 1450).



FIG. 7. WITH CAP AND SCARF SEWN WITH PEARLS: "LA BELLA SIMONETTA" (SIMONETTA VESPUCCI), ASCRIBED TO BOTTICELLI.



FIG. 8. WITH A RUBY AND PENDENT PEARL ON HER BREAST, AND A JEWEL ON A SHELF: "GIOVANNA TORNABUONI," BY GHIRLANDAIO (1488).



FIG. 9. BY A PAINTER-GOLDSMITH—FRANCESCO FRANCIA: "THE MADONNA OF THE JEWEL"



FIG. 10. LOADED WITH ORNAMENTS, INCLUDING HEAVY GOLD CHAINS, AND ENORMOUS OSTRICH FEATHERS IN THEIR HATS, IN THE GERMAN FASHION OF THE TIME: "THREE GIRLS," BY LUCAS CRANACH.



FIG. 11. WITH LARGE EAR-RINGS: A PORTRAIT OF A LADY ASCRIBED TO SODOMA (C. 1473-1549).

The fascinating subject of jewellery as represented in pictures of various periods is discussed by Mr. H. Clifford Smith in his article on page 1154, where will be found fuller details of the pictures here reproduced, the references being numbered to correspond with the illustrations. It should be pointed out that in several cases—notably in Figs. 3 and 6 above—we give only a part of the original paintings, in order to show those portions containing articles of jewellery on a larger scale. Some of the titles under the above illustrations do not include all the information. Thus, of Fig. 4 we read: Elizabeth of Valois was renowned

for the magnificence of her jewellery. This famous picture was sold at the Bischoffsheim sale at Christie's for 10,500 guineas. (Fig. 5): Jane Seymour's pendant, in the form of the sacred monogram, resembles one of Holbein's sketches for jewelled pendants in the British Museum. (Fig. 9): "The Madonna of the Jewel" is an altar-piece dated 1484. Francesco Francia was one of many early artists who combined painting with a practical knowledge of the goldsmith's craft. Il Sodoma is the usual name, in art history, of Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, who was born at Vercelli, in Piedmont, in 1473 or 1477. He died at Siena in 1549.

JEWELS IN PICTURES: THE GOLDSMITH'S ART IN OLD MASTERS.



FIG. 12. WEARING A MAGNIFICENT NECKLACE, ENAMELLED AND SET WITH PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES: "MARIA PORTINARI"—A PORTRAIT BY VAN DER GOES, PAINTED ABOUT 1475.



FIG. 13. QUEEN ELIZABETH IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF HER JEWELLERY: A WORK BY NICHOLAS HILLIARD, ONE OF THE FINEST OF HER NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.



FIG. 14. AN OLD-TIME GOLDSMITH DISPLAYING HIS WARES—A ROW OF JEWELLED RINGS HELD ON A SHORT ROD: A PORTRAIT OF A JEWELLER ASCRIBED TO GERARD DAVID (PAINTED ABOUT 1500).



FIG. 15. WEARING A JEWELLED HEAD-DRESS, EAR-RINGS, TRIPLE NECKLACE, AND JEWELLED NECK-CHAIN: "ARABELLA STUART," BY MARC GHEERARDTS.



FIG. 16. WITH A PEARL BRACELET BEING FASTENED BY A NEGRO PAGE: "MARIA HENRIETTA" (DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.), BY JAN MYTENS.



FIG. 17. WITH A STRING OF PEARLS ATTACHED TO A BROOCH ON HER BODICE, AND PEARL-EDGED HAT: "THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM," BY GAINSBOROUGH.



FIG. 18. CHARLES I. WITH THE PEARL EAR-RING HE WORE ON THE SCAFFOLD, BY VAN DYCK.

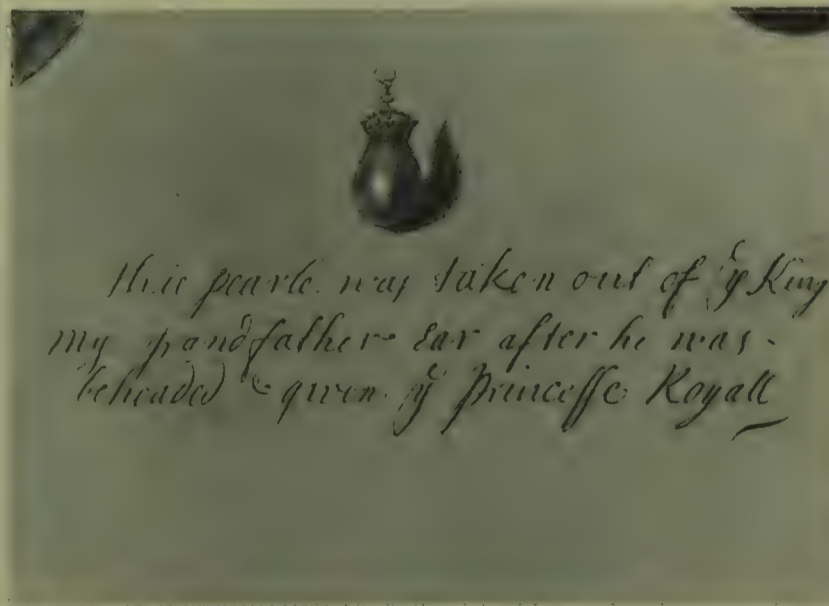


FIG. 19. THE PEARL EAR-RING WORN BY KING CHARLES I. AT HIS EXECUTION, WITH INSCRIPTION WRITTEN BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF WILLIAM III.: A RELIC NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND AT WELBECK.



FIG. 20. NAPOLEON'S FIRST WIFE DECKED WITH JEWELLERY: "THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE," BY F. GÉRARD.

These interesting examples of historical portraiture containing representations of jewellery, as worn at various periods, illustrate Mr. H. Clifford Smith's article on page 1154, and the figure numbers correspond to his references. The full titles of the first five illustrations above are as follows: Fig. 12, Maria Portinari, painted about 1475 by Van der Goes. Her necklace is decorated with enamel set with pearls and precious stones. Fig. 13: "Queen Elizabeth," by Nicholas Hilliard. Probably one of the finest of the numerous portraits of the Virgin Queen. Her jewellery is here more beautifully shown than in any other portrait. Fig. 14. Portrait of a jeweller, ascribed to Gerard David. In one hand he holds a jewelled

ring; in the other a short rod on which several more rings are displayed. Fig. 15: Arabella Stuart as a girl, by Marc Gheerardts. She wears an elaborate jewelled headress, ear-rings, triple necklace, and long jewelled neck-chain. On either side of her is a parrot. Fig. 16: Maria Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., wife of William Prince of Orange, and mother of William III. of England. Portrait by Jan Mytens. Her negro page is clasping a string of pearls round her arm. Some of our illustrations show only such portions of the original pictures as represent jewellery. Thus Figs. 15 and 17 are parts of full-length portraits, and Fig. 18 shows only one of three heads of Charles I. in Van Dyck's painting at Windsor.

"JEWELLERY IN PICTURES."

By H. CLIFFORD SMITH, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant Keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Author of "Jewellery," etc.

Mr. H. Clifford Smith, the well-known connoisseur and antiquary, has long made a study of jewellery shown in pictures by the Old Masters, and recently lectured on the subject at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Some of the pictures he showed are reproduced on this and two other pages. They are numbered continuously, corresponding to references in the following article.

THE association of jewellery with pictures is closer than may at first sight appear, for from early times an intimate connection and constant intercourse existed between the goldsmith and the painter. Nearly every artist began his studies in a goldsmith's shop, and passed his apprenticeship in that industry.

Of the Italian goldsmith-painters, the most famous were Botticelli, Pollaiuolo, Verrocchio, Ghirlandaio, and Francia names familiar to us all. The celebrated English miniature painter, Nicholas Hilliard, was also a skilled goldsmith and jeweller. Two of the greatest of German painters—Dürer and Holbein—are known to have executed designs for jewelled ornaments, and Holbein's series of such drawings is among the treasures of the British Museum.

We will now turn to a series of pictures representing jewellers with their families, customers, and shops, which are unique in the history of art.

The first and most important of these pictures is the work of the rare Flemish master, Petrus Christus, showing the interior of a goldsmith's shop in 1449 (Fig. 2). The young couple are presumably choosing an engagement ring, which the jeweller is weighing in his scales. In the lively scene from a miniature by Alexander Bennink (Fig. 1), painted about 1480, which again represents a goldsmith's shop, we observe the wall case, on the upper shelves of which a fine display of decorative plate is carefully arranged, while below are specimens of jewellery—pendants, girdle-ends, necklaces, and rings. Upon the counter, rings and gems are set out on white cloths.

The portrait of a jeweller, dating from about 1500, probably by Gerard David (Fig. 14), is now at Vienna. In his right hand he holds a jewelled ring, and in the left, on a short rod, more rings. The portrait of a jeweller's daughter holding a casket of jewels on a charger (Fig. 3) is a characteristic work by Lucas Cranach, painted about 1530. Notice the rope of pearls, the broad gold necklaces and bracelets set with precious stones, the large classical cameo pendant, and the three necklaces worn by the young lady herself.

Scarcely anywhere among the works of the distinguished Italian painters are jewel forms more exquisitely rendered than in the beautiful portrait, by Ghirlandaio, of Giovanna Tornabuoni, painted in 1488 (Fig. 8). On her breast she wears a jewel formed of a ruby in claw setting, with a small beryl above and with three pendent pearls below; while beside her lies an elaborately executed jewel composed of a ruby surrounded by two pearls and three beryls, surmounted by a winged dragon set with a sapphire. This painting bears the inscription: "Art, couldst thou but depict character and mind, there would be no more beautiful picture in the world."

One of the finest productions of the goldsmith-painter Francia—who worked as a jeweller until his fortieth year—is the altar-piece known as the "Madonna del Gioiello"—the "Madonna of the Jewel"—(Fig. 9) now in the gallery of Bologna, his native town. Hanging above the head of the Virgin we see a jewel made by Francia himself. Its centre, occupied by a fine amethyst, is bordered by deep crimson enamel and set with pearls at the edges. The picture bears the date 1484, and is signed "Opus Franciae Aurificis"—"the work of Francia the goldsmith."

Striking examples of jewellery occur in the remarkable picture of the Virgin crowned, amidst cherubim and seraphim, the work of the French painter Jean Fouquet, of about 1450 (Fig. 6). The Virgin's golden crown is set with precious stones and pearls; the back of the throne has marble panels; it is surmounted by crystal balls, and the whole is enriched with gigantic pearls and jewels. The figure of the Virgin as represented here is actually a portrait of no less a person than the celebrated Agnes Sorel, favourite of King Charles VII. of France. The portrait by Van der Goes

of Maria, wife of Tommaso Portinari, the agent of the Medici in Bruges, painted about 1475 and now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, shows her wearing a magnificent jewelled and enamelled necklace (Fig. 12).

In the portrait known as "La Bella Simonetta" (Fig. 7), by Botticelli, both the close-fitting pink cap on her head, round which plaits of her hair are wound, and her striped scarf are richly sewn with pearls, while the small black feather above her forehead is adorned with a single large round pearl. In a group of three young ladies, the work of Lucas Cranach (Fig. 10), an artist whose idea of

In the famous portrait by Holbein (Fig. 5) of Jane Seymour, Henry the Eighth's third wife, the jewellery is rendered with consummate skill. The pendant at her neck and the jewel with the sacred monogram on her bodice resemble several of his sketches for jewellery in the British Museum, and may have been executed from his own design. Elizabeth of Valois, third wife of Philip II. of Spain, was renowned for the magnificence of her jewellery and dress. In her portrait (Fig. 4), by Sir Antonio Moro (lately sold at Christie's for 10,500 guineas), she is seen with an enormous pendant, and her garments set with big clusters of precious stones. Of the numerous representations of Queen Elizabeth, the picture of her ascribed to Nicholas Hilliard (Fig. 13) is one of the finest, while her jewellery, of which she possessed an enormous store, is here very beautifully depicted.

Space will not permit me to tell the story of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, commonly called "The Lady Arabella," who, born at Chatsworth in 1575, died a prisoner in the Tower in 1615. She is known to have been very fond of display and extravagant in dress, and possessed a large collection of the most costly jewels. The picture by Marc Gheerardts (Fig. 15) shows the Lady Arabella as a girl, wearing an elaborate jewelled head-dress, ear-rings, triple necklace, and long jewelled neck-chain. On either side of her is a parrot, at her feet a dog and a monkey, while two love-birds are perched upon her wrist.

A curious detail in the history of jewellery was the use of ear-rings amongst men. This custom appears to have originated in Spain, was introduced into France at the luxurious Court of Henry III., and spread from France to England. The ring was worn, as

a rule, by men in one ear only. Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Drake are depicted wearing them, and in the triple portrait by Van Dyck at Windsor Charles I. is seen wearing a large pearl in his left ear (Fig. 18). He wore it even on the scaffold, and it was taken from his head after his execution and given to his eldest daughter. It passed to his grand-daughter, Queen Mary, wife of William III., who gave it to William Bentinck, first Earl of Portland. It is now preserved at Welbeck Abbey. The sketch of the ear-ring (Fig. 19) was made in 1749. The inscription, a facsimile of the original, in the handwriting of Queen Mary, reads thus: "This pearle was taken out of ye King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded and given ye Princesse Royall."

In the portrait by Jan Mytens of the Princess Royal, Mary Henrietta, who became wife of William, Prince of Orange, and mother of King William III. (Fig. 16), the Princess's turban is intertwined with jewels; her feather mantle is caught by a jewelled brooch, and round her arm her negro page is clasping a string of pearls. From the middle of the seventeenth century, for upwards of 150 years, there is an almost complete absence of jewellery in pictures, for in the conventional style of portraiture which then found favour they had no place; while in the "Canons for Painters" laid down by Du Fresnoy, entitled "De Arte Graphica," which ruled the artists of the day, it was particularly enjoined that "portraits should not be overlaid with gold and jewels."

In Gainsborough's famous portrait of Mrs. Graham (Fig. 17), in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, her ornaments consist merely of a string of pearls bordering her hat, while another string is attached by a jewelled brooch to her bodice. Romney seldom allowed his sitters any kind of jewellery, even a wedding ring.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century, we see the return of jewellery in pictures. The famous picture by David in the Louvre which represents the Coronation of Napoleon at Notre Dame in 1804, besides being a truly epic rendering of a great historical event, serves as a valuable document in the history of jewellery, showing us ornaments of the most magnificent kind worn by the Empress Josephine and by Napoleon's mother—who is seen seated in a Box—by the Princesses, and the ladies of the Court. Josephine's ornaments include a comb and diadem of precious stones, ear-rings of brilliants, and bracelets of gems. The portrait of Josephine by Gérard (Fig. 20) shows her richly adorned with jewellery designed in the Empire taste.



FIG. 1.—A GOLDSMITH'S SHOP IN GHENT ABOUT 1480, WITH CUSTOMERS EXAMINING RINGS AND GEMS LAID OUT ON WHITE CLOTHS ON THE COUNTER: A MINIATURE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER BENNINK.

feminine elegance is peculiar to himself, the figures, loaded with ornaments in accordance with the German fashion of the time, wear jewelled necklaces, massive gold chains, gold-embroidered frocks and hair-nets, and many finger-rings, shown through slits in their gloves.

Ear-rings, judging from pictures, were rare at this time. An exception is the handsome portrait, attributed to Sodoma, of a lady wearing ear-rings of gold scroll-work ending in pearl drops (Fig. 11).



FIG. 2.—A GOLDSMITH'S SHOP AT BRUGES IN 1449, WITH A YOUNG COUPLE APPARENTLY CHOOSING AN ENGAGEMENT RING, WHICH THE JEWELLER IS WEIGHING: A PAINTING OF THAT DATE BY THE RARE FLEMISH MASTER, PETRUS CHRISTUS.

So far as English jewellery is concerned, we have practically no pictorial material at our disposal from the time of Richard II. until the arrival of Holbein in this country, in Henry the Eighth's reign. The many portraits of this monarch show the King with jewelled collar, chain, and rings, and his hat and dress heavily encrusted with precious stones.

"RANJI" AS HOST: THE VICEROY WELCOMED BY THE JAM SAHEB.



A "GRAND STAND" DURING A SHOOT: WATCHING THE SPORT FROM THE BACK OF A PAINTED ELEPHANT.



FORMERLY THE HOME OF AN AMERICAN: THE JAM SAHEB'S NEW YACHT, "THE STAR OF INDIA," WHICH WAS SENT TO FETCH THE VICEROY.



IN THE SILVER STATE CARRIAGE: HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY WITH H.H. THE JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR.



AFTER A SHOOT IN HIS HONOUR: LORD IRWIN INSPECTING A "BAG" DURING HIS VISIT TO THE STATE OF NAWANAGAR.



DURING A SHOOT: THE VICEROY RESTING DURING A DAY OF SPORT ORGANISED IN HIS HONOUR BY THE JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR.



SHOWING SOME OF THE PYLONS WITH PAINTINGS REPRESENTING THE LIVES OF HEROES OF INDIAN MYTHOLOGY: A STREET SCENE IN JAMNAGAR, THE CAPITAL.



WHERE THEIR EXCELLENCIES STAYED DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE JAM SAHEB, BETTER KNOWN TO MANY AS "RANJI": THE ENTRANCE TO THE VIBHA-VILAS PALACE.

Lt.-Col. His Highness Maharajah Sir Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji, G.C.S.I., C.B.E., Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, better known to many as "Ranji," the famous cricketer, has been entertaining the Viceroy and Lady Irwin, for whom he sent his new yacht, "Star of India," which was formerly the "Valfreiya," the home of the late Mr. Bayard Brown. The entertainment provided for their Excellencies has been described as suggesting the "Arabian Nights"; and it was arranged that they should spend a night under canvas, for panther-shooting. This camp, as it appeared illuminated at night, was illustrated in our issue of December 17. As to Jamnagar, the

capital, that was most elaborately decorated, as our photographs bear witness. Columns twenty feet high flanked the streets, and the city was draped with bunting. At points at which roads meet, there were pairs of pylons with paintings depicting the lives of heroes of Indian mythology. At night the whole place was ablaze with lights. At a State banquet, the Jam Saheb emphasised the point: "There exists a common platform for co-operation in matters of Imperial and mutual concern." During the visit, the Viceroy laid the foundation stone of a new hospital building.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.—SILHOUETTE PICTURES.

THE Universal Pictures Corporation, which is responsible for the "extravagant" production (the adjective is culled from the programme) of

embracing in it the Topsy *scherzo*, and even a good deal of the Mr. and Mrs. Shelby theme, to say nothing of the ponderous Simon Legree theme, which gets a very big innings at the end. All these themes are given an almost equal importance and are presented to us almost independently. Had we approached them all—or at any rate, nearly all—from Uncle Tom's point of view—seen them, as it were, through his eyes and felt them as they affected him—we should have had a much more unified, more dramatic whole. Eliza's pilgrimage of woe naturally needed separate treatment until fate brought her back to Uncle Tom's side and into the arms of her unknown mother. Moreover, her flight with little Harry through the snow from the slave-owner who had bought her child was too big a chance for screen-situations to be briefly dealt with. It has, indeed, given the opportunity for a rescue from the broken ice that even eclipses the sensational scene of "Way Down East." Eliza, her child in her arms, distraught and almost exhausted, her pursuers close at her heels, and a pack of bloodhounds in full cry, faces her only chance of escape, the river. She takes it, though it is swollen

But, for the rest, it seems a pity to allow Uncle Tom to fall so often and so thoroughly into the background even for an angelic little Eva in the person of Virginia Grey, or the full-blooded ruffianism of Mr. George Seigmann as the bestial Simon Legree. I have a notion that Mr. James B. Lowe, who gives us, quite rightly, a tall and strapping Uncle Tom in the prime of life, could have moulded this character into something much bigger and more impressive had he been vouchsafed the chance. As it is, he is almost entirely passive, and in the final episodes emerges from the welter of Legree's brutality only to be thrashed or knocked down. Mr. Pollard's line of production, or possibly the scenario he has had to work upon, has left him faced with many ragged ends, and he has not found it possible to merge them smoothly one into the other. But he has an eye for grouping and for lighting, and often handles a separate episode with a crude strength that recalls some of the Russian productions. Presented at the Pavilion with an elaborate prologue and a really clever interlude of coloured singers and dancers, the film seems long and somewhat heavy, lightened as it is solely by the delightful Topsy of Miss Mona Ray, a performance that could not be bettered. Judicious cutting would be of great value to a film that, for all its faults, is an interesting reconstruction of life in the Southern States before the abolition of slavery, and has beauty of setting, accuracy of dressing, and at times a very human appeal, to commend it.

The Sunday Film Society's productions, apart from their general interest, invariably set me wondering why the British exhibitor should overlook some of the charming things the society permits us to see, or why it should deem them, as I am forced to imagine it does, unsuitable for ordinary consumption. With an increasing amount of discriminating filmgoers to be considered, why, for instance, should the delightful silhouette pictures of Miss Lotte Reiniger remain in obscurity except for the lucky members of the Sunday Film Society? Here is an art that owes its perfection, if not its inspiration, entirely to the kinema. In its fantasy, in its delicacy, in its delicious humour, it could find no other means of expression than that of cinematography. Miss Reiniger cuts her little figures and bizarre settings out of paper, and the amount of expression she can achieve in these black profile pictures is as amazing as is the beauty of intricate tracery, of leafy filigree, and the flight of birds. The longer, more elaborate, and, to my mind, less entertaining "Prince Achmed," has now been followed by an adorable version of "Cinderella." I notice that it was made as early as 1924, yet even now it has only found its way to the screen through the enterprise of the Sunday Film Society. I am confident that the general public would yield to its charm and its humour as readily as it did to the absurd adventures of Felix the Cat. It needs no highbrow fastidiousness to appreciate the simple, the gay, the light-hearted fantasies that flutter so prettily from Miss Lotte Reiniger's nimble fingers.

A FAMOUS HICHENS NOVEL AND PLAY AS A FILM DRAMA: "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT THE TIVOLI—DOMINI (MISS ALICE TERRY) IN THE GREAT SANDSTORM SCENE.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," has approached its task with a reverence that is commendable in itself, but that does not make for complete success when the result is judged purely from the point of view of good film-craft. It seems to me that, if books are to be adapted at all for the stage or for the screen, the main thing to aim at is the preservation of the spirit and intention of the author, and to suppress boldly, if discriminately, such details as will impede the dramatic progress of the story. I am aware that such a proceeding will inevitably be hailed as vandalism by the devotees of the author exposed to the treatment. Indeed, I cannot recall any classic of the library having reached the screen without protest from some quarter. But the objector forgets that, in adapting a work of art to another form of expression, it assumes a totally different character; it will be seen and judged from a totally different angle. He forgets that if all the details, the characters, the episodes of the book, were to migrate from its pages to the screen, the author's intentions would probably be wholly obscured and the dramatic balance of the story entirely upset. Generally speaking, I am not in favour of book adaptations for the screen, yet I have derived pleasure from a few of them, both popular and classic. One has but to recall the eminently successful adaptation of "Beau Geste," and, in the classic field, "The Scarlet Letter." Yet the latter evoked a small hurricane of disapproval from the sticklers who discovered several discrepancies between the book and the screen-play. To me, disabusing my mind entirely of all memories of Hawthorne's famous novel, it conveyed not only beauty, but deep and poignant feeling. I felt that the liberty assumed by the adapter in dealing with the text was wholly justified by the result.

I confess that it is many years since I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It formed part of my childhood's literature, and I have not reopened the covers of Harriet Beecher Stowe's momentous volume since those remote days. That is, perhaps, a confession of a deplorable omission, but at least it leaves me free to judge the film-version as a film. For of my early reading only certain figures, certain happenings, and the whole atmosphere of the book remain fixed in my mind. These I was able to welcome joyfully in Mr. Harry Pollard's elaborate and painstaking production. But, simple as is the theme, it would have been wiser to simplify it yet further, by concentrating the interest more definitely on one figure, the figure of Tom himself, at the risk of displeasing the sticklers. For the weakness of the film lies in its constant switching off from one *motif* to another. There is the Uncle Tom theme, the Eliza theme, the George Harris theme, the little Eva theme,



IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH": MISS ALICE TERRY AS DOMINI AND MR. IVAN PETROVICH AS BORIS.

The film "Garden of Allah," which is, of course, the screen version of Robert Hichens's famous novel and play, had its first presentation in London the other day when it was produced at the Tivoli, where it is staying as the "star" Christmas attraction. It is the work of Mr. Rex Ingram, whose wife, Alice Terry, is the Domini.

to an angry torrent, and she has to cross it by jumping from one ice-floe to its half-submerged neighbour. Slipping, swaying, now on her knees, now nearly in the water, she staggers on, and behind her, almost upon her, grimly hunting his quarry, is the leader of the pack. The scene has an amazing realism. Nor is Eliza's rescue less sensational, for, as the floe on which she is finally marooned is swept to the very lip of the falls, her rescuer, who has crept out on to the branch of an overhanging tree, grabs her into safety. No one could be so impervious to the thrills of screen-realism as to wish for less elaboration in the episode of Eliza's flight.



"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" AS A FILM: DOMINI AND BORIS IN COUNT ANTEONI'S WONDERFUL GARDEN IN THE DESERT.

An Amazing Goddess: A Gem Sold by the Soviet.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WARTSKI, COURT JEWELLERS, OF THE QUADRANT ARCADE, REGENT STREET.



CARVED FROM THE LARGEST-KNOWN PIECE OF EMERALD: A KWAN-YIN FROM THE HERMITAGE, THE "LOUVRE" OF LENINGRAD (ACTUAL SIZE).

It will be recalled that in our issue of December 3 we reproduced certain royal treasures of Imperial Russia which had been sold to Messrs. Wartski, who bought them, to the number of eighty or so, from accredited members of the Soviet Government who had brought them to Paris in a Gladstone bag. We now have pleasure in presenting this reproduction in its natural colour of one of the most amazing pieces. This is considered by experts to represent Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy, with a child, and it is carved from the largest-known piece of emerald. It is probably between a hundred and a hundred and fifty years old; and it is reported that the stone was taken from an Imperial mine in the Urals. It is additionally remarkable in that it is undamaged. Its weight is about 4700 carats.

"A Great Mediaeval Fortified City Exactly as It Was."

DESIGNED BY ARTHUR I. HENDERSON, F.S.A. COPYRIGHTED



THE MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE IN EUROPE OF DEFENSIVE WORKS OF THE 11TH—13TH CENTURIES: CARCASSONNE.

The *Cité* of Carcassonne presents one of the finest sights in France—a unique example of a mediæval fortress. To quote our old friend Baedeker: "The *Cité*, with its double enceinte and its fifty-four towers . . . dates from the days of the Visigoths (5th cent.), who built it on the ruins of the Roman ramparts (still visible in places); but the works were modified by Vicomte Aton about 1130, by St. Louis in 1250, and especially by Philippe le Hardi about 1280. Being deemed impregnable, they remained intact down to the Revolution, and in 1855-70 they were thoroughly restored by Viollet-le-Duc, who considered them the most perfect and picturesque example in Europe of defensive works of the 11th-13th centuries. . . . The Château, near the Porte d'Aude, is a square building of the

11th century, restored in the 13th, with massive round towers." To which may be added a quotation from "A Wayfarer in Provence": "Carcassonne is not strictly in Provence, but it is so wonderful that no one must give it the go-by, even if it means going a little off the usual track. As restored by Viollet-le-Duc, it gives us a great mediæval fortified city exactly as it was. . . . It should be approached from the town. . . . It is so complete that it almost suggests a stage or cinema setting. . . . Every bastion, every tower, fills its place, and the angle of the wall, back a little here, forward a little there, is not only caused by the lie of the land, but calculated so that the maximum of defensive power should be given to each portion. There was to be no weakest point."

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Novels of Fantasy; and a Great "Fantastic."

By JOHN OWEN.

A SEASON that has been without a Kipling, a Bennett, or a Galsworthy has not been without a Masfield. Mr. Masfield's book is "The Midnight Folk" (Heinemann), and might, for certain purposes, be called an experiment in the fantastic—one kind of the fantastic. In his newly collected lectures, "Aspects of the Novel" (Arnold), Mr. E. M. Forster observes that "the general tone of novels is so literal that when the fantastic is introduced it produces a special effect; some readers are thrilled, others choked off; it demands an additional adjustment because of the oddness of its method or subject-matter." The current season has given us more novels than usual capable of creating one or other of the effects indicated. There is, too, a third effect—though this is achieved only by the "spoof" fantastic—wherein, near the end of the story, the thing of fantasy, even if it holds a ghost's license, is called on for an explanation. But every decent Christmas ghost, of course, observes the counsel of perfection first pronounced by lips of a wisdom political and strictly material—"Never explain."

We have grown a good deal more sophisticated, even in this business of fantasy, since the war. Ten years ago, side by side with much ribaldry, was a mass of sentimentalised fantasy and fantastic sentiment. Having kept the home fires burning, and attended to the light in the window of the house upon the hill, the citizen, now a master in the principles of illumination, discovered new truth in a journey to the Lighthouse. It is wonderful, by the way, how that little Lighthouse throws its beams upon a Stupids' world (in the Wellsian sense), if not necessarily upon a naughty one. Mr. Forster includes "To the Lighthouse" among the fantasy novels. I have in mind just now a definition of

narrower limits than would include that most memorable work of the year. And if we grow more sophisticated, we are certainly ready for simpler fantasies—the sort of fantasies, for instance, that we loved as children. Reading our requirements, Mr. Masfield has supplied them. We have always had "straight" novels, where everything is real; and we have always had fairy tales, where nothing was real. Mr. Masfield's idea is to give us a mix-up. The dividing line between the two sorts of reality is quite frankly rubbed out. We are introduced to little Kay Harker, who from bed, hearing the call of the cat, Bitem, plunges into a world of new and immeasurable dimensions—a world in which he is first running up and down with pirates, and then hearing a first-hand account of the shooting down of a highwayman two centuries before his time. This killing of the highwayman is quite memorable. Its description occupies half a page. I can see that page. To be able long afterwards to see the actual physical sheet on which a few lines of good writing are printed is a good test of quality. If anything tragic or notable happens in life, we register all sorts of minute details—shapes and colours of streets, scents, echoes. If anything in a book really quickens our pulses, we not only remember the passage, but the shape of the print, the smell of the paper, the shape of the room in which we read and to which our eyes

came back. Mr. Masfield has given us at least one page that provides the special sort of thrill that is memorable. Incidentally, we are not allowed to forget that he is a poet—

When the midnight strikes in the belfry dark,
And the white goose quakes at the fox's bark.
We saddle the horse that is hayless, oatless.
Hoofless and pranceless, kickless and coatless.
We canter off for a midnight prowl . . .
(Chorus) Whoo-hoo-hoo, says the hook-eared owl.

And I like the pigeon French. "'Well, great-grandson Kay,' he said, 'ne pouvez vous pas come into the jardin avec moi.' He smiled back at great-grandpapa Harker and said, 'Oh, grand-grand-père, thank you. Je serai very glad.'"

I have read another book lately where the line between the reality of fact and the reality of fantasy disappears. The process may be seen in "Here Comes an Old Sailor," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (Hodder), author of that fine novel, "Brave Earth." (Who was

here bestows less than his full quality, he has given to the whole absurdity a touch of real distinction.

Last on my list is a novelist who, though he must frankly be admitted a best-seller, has of late been receiving attention from critics as distinguished as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Lynd. True, even his last book was not published for the first time this year, but his sales would compare favourably with those of Mr. Frankau, while first editions of his works command higher prices than those even that are paid for Masfields. He is, in the noblest sense, a fantastic. He is the author of the biggest adventure yarn in our tongue. His name is Bunyan. In 1928 we celebrate the 300th anniversary of his birth. Bunyan chose rightly to conceive of himself as an evangelist, but his book is also the first great novel presented in the English tongue. The breadth and colour of its landscape, the sweeping and overwhelming vigour of its narrative—above all, the immense vitality of its characterisation—make it appear still the literary miracle that it always was. The Bookman is to be congratulated on digging out Mr. Shaw's old tributes to the great tinker. In important respects, Shaw finds Bunyan superior to Shakespeare himself. And not only have we the opinions of Mr. Shaw. I notice that various eminent persons are holding inquests on the circumstances of their first acquaintance with Bunyan. A love of inquests is inherent in everybody; if the golfer's inquest can bore most, the bookman's is as capable as any of developing some sort of general and human interest.

Bunyan has had a long life, but he never had a fuller one than in the nineteenth century. The art of reading flourished and the army of readers was recruited by the Education Acts. These people read without fear of the effort, and with

neither the cinema nor the wireless to draw them from their books. They made themselves read, and they read solidly. Their tastes were widely divergent. But it would probably be true to say that there were some books with which every person who had attained manhood before the death of King Edward had either made himself acquainted or been drawn into acquaintance. One such book was, of course, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

But Bunyan lived and lives not only by "The Pilgrim's Progress." Publishers are understood to be making great preparations for next year's event. They will then, possibly, present a more or less complete Bunyan. Some years ago there was an elaborately illustrated "Mr. Badman"; I do not think that any special edition of "The Holy War" was published during the late Great War, that was not, in all respects, holy. But it was Bunyan's most distinguished inheritor, Mr. Kipling, who, in 1917, called attention to the tinker's astonishing prevision of the war that was to come—

A pedlar from a hovel,
The lowest of the low,
The father of the novel,
Salvation's first Defoe,
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came,
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name.

I would like to tell the poet not gently have seen
in a friend's publication, but though I am
charmed with it, it is a kind of being crushed
I know we would think very different
it is the only species of love
about which our ideas disagree. That to me
appears the simple & the wild to him, I can
hear to you I believe will be taken on as the
fully ludicrous & the absurd
My love is like the red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fast as blows the wind, my love
is death's love and
And I can love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the dead gang dancin'.

It is the dear gang dancin', my dear,
And the rakes' milt wi' the dancin'.
I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the dead gang dancin'.
And for a' that, my only love,
I will love thee still.
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the dead gang dancin'.
— yours most sincerely
R. Burns

A BURNS LETTER SOLD FOR THE "RECORD" PRICE OF £2000: THE TWO LAST PAGES, CONTAINING THE ONLY KNOWN MANUSCRIPT OF HIS FAMOUS SONG, "O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE."

In a recent sale at Sotheby's a very fine and apparently unpublished four-page letter from Robert Burns to Alexander Cunningham (the property of Dr. Maurice Davidson) was bought by Mr. Spencer for £2000, probably a "record" for a single letter in the poet's hand. Its unique interest lies in the fact that it contains his famous lyric (reproduced above in facsimile)—"O my Love's like the red, red rose," no manuscript of which is mentioned in Henley and Henderson's edition of Burns. The "him" referred to as likely to consider the song "ludicrous" is Johnson. The "Signior" of the postscript is Pietro Urbani, a Milanese singing-master and composer of settings to Scots songs, whom Burns met in July 1793. In the first part of the letter Burns accuses Urbani of false statements regarding business arrangements.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

it, by the way, who pleasantly defined "Brave Earth" as the land under the Albert Memorial?) In making the line disappear Mr. Sheppard does not so much extend his own liberty as capture the atmosphere of an age when no such line was believed to exist. Having conducted us back to the Middle Ages, Mr. Sheppard feels that there is no reason to assume in us any continuance of our modern uncertainties. A dead sailor comes to life before the altar; but it is only claimed that he came to life in a century now far away—and, that being so, he *did* come to life! An experimenter in another sort of fantasy is Mr. Christopher Morley. His new book, "The Arrow," belongs to the order of fantasy that is unbelievably true. The League of Nations has nominated a new President, and a new sort of President, for Illyria. "Why, the man started life as a fishmonger. I never thought we'd see such doings in the Farniente Palace." The "doings" begin when the President arrives. He is a good deal rattled when, having left his modest home with its one maid, he is received by armies of servants. One majestic figure introduces himself as the Major Domo. "How do you do, Major?" says Mr. President Guadeloupe nervously. A servant holds out a hand, and the President grasps it gratefully—only to discover that what the hand waits for is his hat. It is all first-class farce. Intellectual novelists only come off as farceurs when, as children say, they are "really trying." If Mr. Morley

MOTHERHOOD AT THE "ZOO":

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



THE BARBARY SHEEP LOOKS MORE SHEEPISH THAN BARBAROUS.



MRS. MONKEY GIVES HER YOUNG MONKEY A "PIGGY-BACK" DURING A "BLONDIN" ACT.



THE "QUEEN" OF THE KING PENGUIN HAS A MOUTH-TO-MOUTH METHOD OF FEEDING BABY.



MR. AND MRS. PORCUPINE ADMIRE THE QUILLS OF THEIR "YOUNG FRETFUL."



MRS. BISON TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY FOR A NAP WHILE BABY IS ASLEEP.

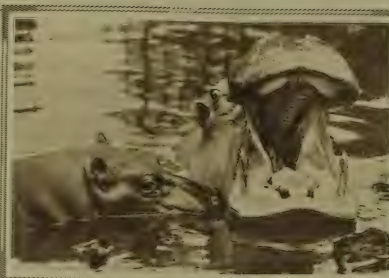


THE "QUEEN" OF THE KING OF BEASTS TAKES MASTER LION BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK.

Christmas being a time of family affection, these remarkable studies by Mr. Neville Kingston of motherhood and domesticity at the "Zoo" have a seasonable interest. The coypu, it may be noted, is a water rodent of South America. "In general appearance and habits [says the "Royal Natural History"] the coypu is not unlike a beaver, and makes its burrow in the banks of rivers and lakes. In Argentina the writer has seen them coming out in large parties in the evenings to swim and sport in the water. Here they utter peculiarly mournful cries: the females being each accompanied by some eight or nine offspring, which endeavour to obtain a seat on

FAMILY LIFE AMONG ANIMALS.

NEVILLE KINGSTON.



JOAN THE "HIPPO" TEACHES HER YOUNG HOPEFUL THE ART OF APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.



MRS. LLAMA WANTS TO SNOOZE, BUT BABY IS WAKEFUL AND WON'T LET HER.



THE KIANG (WILD ASS) AND HER YOUNGESTER POSE GRACEFULLY FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



PARENTAL CARE SEEMS TO MAKE THE VIRGINIAN DEER THIN AND WORRIED.



THE COYPY AND HER LITTLE ONE ADMIRE THE VIEW FROM THEIR FRONT DOOR.



THE YOUNG ZEBRA'S AFFECTION FOR MAMMA DOES NOT SUGGEST EXCESSIVE ADMINISTRATION OF STRIPES.

their parent's back. . . . The under-fur of the coypu is an important article of commerce. In Argentina it is known as the nutria, the Spanish name for the otter. . . . There are three varieties of Asiatic wild asses, of which the first is the kiang or kulan of Tibet and Mongolia. The ghorkar, or onager, from Western India and Baluchistan, is smaller. There is a third variety from Syria and Persia." This last must be the one mentioned by Omar Khayyam in connection with the disease of Jamshid—"the wild ass stamps o'er his grave."

GOOD KING WENCESLAS: A FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CAROL HERO IN HISTORY.



TWO SWORDS, WITH THEIR SCABBARDS, THAT ONCE BELONGED TO KING WENCESLAS OF BOHEMIA: A PHOTOGRAPH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

"GOOD King Wenceslas," writes Mr. Douglas B. Connah, "was not merely the legendary hero of a beautiful story, but a great and noble character in history, one of the most famous and beloved of the Kings of Bohemia, now part of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia. He came to the throne in 928, and, like our own King Alfred, with whom he was almost a contemporary, he was a man of considerable piety, and founded

(Continued opposite.)



WENCESLAS MURDERED BY HIS BROTHER: A PAINTING BY KAREL SKRETA—THE KING GRASPING A BRONZE RING, NOW IN PRAGUE CATHEDRAL.



WHERE WENCESLAS IS BURIED: THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS, PRAGUE, ON THE SITE OF ONE BUILT BY WENCESLAS TO ENSHRINE A RELIC OF THE SAINT'S ARM.

(Continued.) many schools and colleges. He introduced legislation to improve the lot of prisoners, towards whom he showed a sympathy rare in his day. . . . His numerous acts of kindness he preferred to perform under the cover of night. . . . Wenceslas had a brother, Boleslav, who was of a cruel and jealous disposition. This Boleslav, urged by the evil influence of his mother, Drahomira, determined by fair means or foul to usurp the throne. Taking the

(Continued below.)



THE HISTORIC HERO OF THE MOST CELEBRATED OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT OF KING WENCESLAS, BY A CZECH PAINTER, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS AT PRAGUE.



THE "ALFRED THE GREAT" OF OLD BOHEMIA (NOW PART OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA): GOOD KING WENCESLAS—AN OIL PAINTING BY THE CZECH ARTIST, KAREL SKRETA, NOW IN THE PRAGUE GALLERY.

(Continued.)

King by surprise in the early hours of September 28, 935, while on his way, at Stara Boleslav, to attend the dedication festival (at his brother's invitation) of a church he had founded, Boleslav, aided by some of the Bohemian nobility, set upon Wenceslas and foully murdered him. Not many years after this event, Wenceslas was canonised as a Saint. He has ever since been regarded as one of the patron saints of Bohemia, and 'Saint Wenceslas!' or 'Svate Vaclave!' in the Czech language, has been for centuries, and was even in the late war, the battle-cry of the Bohemians. About one whose memory was so revered, there

naturally grew up many legends. . . . The tune of the carol is a thirteenth-century Swedish plain-song melody belonging to a carol in honour of spring. This Spring Carol was brought to England in 1582, but it was not till the nineteenth century that the greatest of English hymn-writers, Dr. J. M. Neale, wrote for it the words of the carol 'Good King Wenceslas,' which relates one of the traditional stories of this great historical personage—a story much in keeping with the character of Wenceslas—and one that seems to breathe the very spirit of Christmas."

TRADITIONAL "CHRISTMAS CARD" WEATHER: BY THE WINTER SEA.



AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND: A PICTURESQUE WINTER SCENE
BY THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES, AT SOUTHEND.

It is some years since we in this country have seen real Christmas conditions, of the kind depicted on cards and other old-time illustrations associated with the festive season. This time (although in our climate it is dangerous to prophesy) there are indications that the Clerk of the Weather has ordained a reversion to type, possibly in keeping with the prevailing Victorian revival. A few days ago

heavy snowfalls occurred at various places in the South of England, and London experienced the severest frost it had so far had this winter. At Southend, where the above photograph was taken, the ground was covered with snow, and the gardens along the front presented a scene of picturesque beauty, enhanced by the sun shining on the Thames estuary and its never-ending procession of ships.

THE CHURCH CRISIS: VOTERS FOR AND AGAINST THE NEW PRAYER-BOOK.

FOR.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



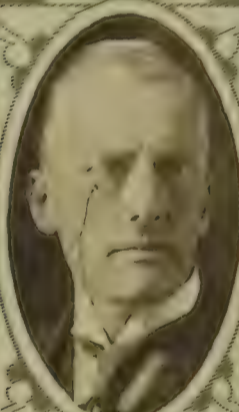
LORD HUGH CECIL
(C.).



MR. JOHN BUCHAN
(C.).



LADY IVEAGH
(C.).



SIR AUSTEN
CHAMBERLAIN (C.).



SIR HENRY SLESSOR
(LAB.).



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN
(C.).



MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN
(C.).



MR. C. G. AMMON
(LAB.).

AGAINST.



THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.



THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.



LADY ASTOR
(C.).



MR. J. H. THOMAS
(LAB.).



SIR DOUGLAS HOGG
(C.).



SIR JOHN SIMON
(LIB.).



SIR REGINALD HALL
(C.).



MR. D. LLOYD GEORGE
(LIB.).



MR. E. ROSSLYN MITCHELL
(LAB.).



SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS
(C.).

As all the world knows, the utmost interest has been taken in the Division Lists of the House of Lords and the House of Commons on the question of the approval of the Prayer-Book Measure. In the Lords, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were, of course, among the "Contents." Amongst the "Not-Contents" were the Bishops of Norwich and Worcester. The figures were 241 for the Measure and 88 against; by which it will be seen that 329 out of 741 Members of the House of Lords voted. In the House of Commons, 238 Members voted against the Measure and 205 for the Measure. The full strength of the House

is 615. The result in the House of Commons was by no means what was expected; and on Saturday, December 17, the Archbishop of Canterbury issued a notice, in which it was said: "Everyone will recognise the gravity of the situation which has arisen in regard to the life, the work, and the worship of the Church of England. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York will next week, after consultation with other Bishops, issue a statement which may help to guide the clergy and the laity of the Church in this time of confusion and anxiety. . . . The Archbishops feel assured of prayers on their behalf. . . ."

A CHRISTMAS IN EXILE: AN EX-EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHUMANN.



CELEBRATING YULE-TIDE IN CLASSIC STYLE: THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA (RIGHT); WITH PRINCE OTTO (EXTREME RIGHT) AND HIS SEVEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

The ex-Empress Zita, formerly Empress of Austria, and the widow of the late Emperor Charles, now resides in Spain, at Lequeitio, Vizcaya, not far from San Sebastian. Our photograph shows the Austrian royal family celebrating a Christmas in the classic way—needless to say, the photograph was not taken this year—with a Christmas-tree laden with gifts for the eight children. Archduke Otto, who is shown on the extreme right, was born in 1912, and is regarded by Monarchists as the future King of Hungary. In the family circle he is

addressed as "Your Majesty," and is being trained as a potential monarch, though not spoiled by luxury. Archduchess Adelaide, born 1914, is standing to left of the tree; Archduke Robert, a year junior, to right of it, with Archduke Felix, born 1916, in front of him; on the ground (left to right) are Archduchesses Elizabeth Charlotte and Charlotte, Archdukes Rudolph and Karl-Ludwig, born respectively 1922, 1921, 1919, and 1918. The King and Queen of Spain often visit the ex-Empress, who, before her marriage, was Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THINGS NICE."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

LITTLE girls, we are told, are made of "sugar and spice, and all things nice." Let us draw a veil over the ingredients of little boys, for this is Christmas time, and we want to think only of pleasant things. At any rate, it is not the time for an acrimonious argument such as this theme would create. Nevertheless—I will say it—I refuse to adopt the time-honoured belief as to the ingredients of little boys. They ought, indeed, to be much *nicer* than little girls. If a "plant grows by what it feeds on," why not little boys? And as they—all the world knows it—eat much more of the nice things of this season than little girls, it stands to reason that they are nicer! However, for goodness sake let us not start an argument now. Let us rather turn the conversation into a less personal channel.

Our conversation is of "sugar and spice"—delicious things! These have been won for us by



FIG. 1.—WHAT ARE CLOVES? THE DRIED FLOWER-BUDS OF AN EAST INDIAN TREE—SIX SPECIMENS, INCLUDING (EXTREME RIGHT) A CALYX FROM WHICH THE ROUND BUD HAS FALLEN OFF.

"Cloves" are the dried flower-buds of a tall and stately tree, a native of the Dutch East Indies. The fruit is of the size and shape of an olive, sometimes sold in a dried state as "mother of cloves." On the extreme right the calyx only is seen, the unfolded flower-bud having fallen off.

man's inherent love of something new, and especially something new for his palate or to tickle his sense of smell. Being a man, of course I attribute these triumphs to my own sex. But—and I make the admission grudgingly—we should possibly be nearer the mark if we said that these nice things were due to woman's "intuition." For did not Eve make the first experiment in "something new" to eat? She brought a peck of trouble on the world in consequence, but she escaped more easily than many who came after her. For we may make quite sure that a good many of these experimenters paid for their temerity with their lives; just as little boys and girls do to this very day when, wandering along the lanes of their Garden of Eden, they pluck the fruit that is so good to look upon. Sometimes they eat of the luscious-looking berries of the "deadly nightshade"! It may be, indeed, that, after all, we owe what we have of many good things to those sweet innocents, who, by their ill-timed adventurousness, gave their mothers and fathers warning of what *not* to eat. We have much to be thankful for, even in our children!

I will not venture to discuss the source of the ingredients of "spiced drinks," which to some of my readers may be anathema. But I shall be safe with mace and nutmeg. Without these two deliciously aromatic spices the cook would be sorely hampered. As spices they are two distinct things; but really they represent two attributes of one body. But I am anticipating. Let me begin at the beginning. The nutmeg-tree, then, grows, very appropriately, in the Spice Islands, or, in other words, in the Dutch East Indies. It is a very beautiful tree, growing to a height of twenty or thirty feet, glossy-leaved, and bearing small, yellowish flowers. In due time these give rise to succulent fruit of the size and colour of a peach. As a fruit, however, it is disappointing, though it is often preserved and eaten as a sweetmeat. When ripe, it splits open, revealing the seed within (Fig. 3). This takes the form of a thin-shelled nut. The kernel within the shell is what we know as the nutmeg. The mace takes the form of an irregular meshwork of crimson tissue closely investing

the shell, as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). Certain large and very beautiful pigeons of this region eat these nuts greedily, and for the sake of the mace alone; since as soon as this has been digested the nut is disgorged entire and unharmed, thus sowing the seed for future trees. It is not, however, merely as a "spice" that the nutmeg is esteemed, for a volatile oil and other substances are extracted from the nut for medicinal purposes—but let that pass!

What would our Christmas puddings and mince-meat be without their nutmeg, cinnamon, and all-spice? What should we do without cloves in our apple-pie? I have a suspicion that there are quite a number of people who would be "floored" if you suddenly put the question, "What are cloves?" To be quite truthful, I had to look up the matter myself! I find that they are the dried, unopened flower-buds (Fig. 1) of a tall and stately tree with large, long leaves and innumerable flower-heads, recalling those of the lilac. The ripe fruit, of the size and shape of an olive, is sometimes sold in the dried state under the name of "mother of cloves." It yields the same flavouring as the dried flowers, but of an inferior quality. Though a native of the Dutch East Indies, it seems to be chiefly cultivated now on Pemba Island, to the north of Zanzibar. The best cloves, however, are still regarded as those from Amboyna, one, at least, of its native islands. No fewer than four kinds of volatile oils, with fearsome names, extracted from these flowers are used in medicine.

It was an evil day for cinnamon when it was mated with quinine, and so became a medicine. True, as a medicine it is good, but by itself, if not allowed to become too assertive, it is always sure of a welcome at the



FIG. 3.—A SPICY INGREDIENT OF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING: THE GENESIS OF NUTMEG—A BRANCH OF A NUTMEG TREE WITH ITS PEACH-LIKE FRUIT SPLIT OPEN TO SHOW THE "STONE," WHOSE KERNEL IS NUTMEG.

The nutmeg tree grows to a height of between 20 and 30 ft., and bears small yellow flowers. The fruit resembles a peach, but the flesh is of indifferent quality, though used as a sort of "candied peel." When ripe it splits, revealing the "nutmeg" within.

festive board. The spice is obtained largely from the bark of the cinnamon-tree, which, in a natural state, attains to a height of thirty feet. But where it is cultivated, as in Ceylon, the trees are cut down to a height of ten feet. When the wood which grows as a result of this lopping is three

years old, the bark is peeled off the branches and dried in the sun. In the process the long strips of bark curl up into quill-shaped rods, and in this state are sent to market.

The uses to which this bark is put are, indeed, many. From time immemorial it has been esteemed as a flavouring, and as a perfume Solomon evidently liked it, for he tells us "I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon." For myself, I would prefer lavender. Who discovered the medicinal properties of cinnamon I do not know. It is worth



FIG. 2.—THE NUTMEG KERNEL IN ITS LATTICE SHEATH OF MACE: THE "STONE," REMOVED FROM THE FRUIT OF A NUTMEG TREE.

The "nutmeg" is the kernel of a "stone-fruit" enclosed within a very thin shell. This shell is invested with a "lattice-work" of bright red, forming the spice known as "mace."

noting that the leaves of the cinnamon-tree, when bruised, emit the smell of cloves.

And now we come to all-spice, which is derived from the dried berries of a tree which grows in the West Indies. Pimento, or Jamaica pepper, is made from these berries. They seem to have the remarkable property of combining the flavour of all the spices, and especially nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves! Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the product of these berries—which, by the way, must be gathered and dried in the unripe condition—is "reminiscent" of these other spices.

This is not the time or the place to discuss the chemical constituents to which these several flavours and odours are due; but one cannot help commenting on the fact that plants widely different one from another have the same perfume. The clove-scent, for example, is exhaled by our garden pinks, some orchids, and some narcissi. There are many pelargoniums—the dark-flowered varieties—and catch-flies, which have the scent of hyacinths. Vanilla scent, named from the orchid which yields the flavouring for our ice-creams, is a fragrance belonging also to the heliotrope, woodruff, dwarf elder, and many species of orchids. Some flowers, indeed, distil two quite distinct scents, which are given off at different times of the day. Disagreement as to the scent of a particular flower is sometimes due to this generally unrecognised fact.

The chemist who builds up synthetic scents from coal-tar and other unpromising material has enabled himself to work this miracle by studying in Nature's laboratory. But, for all this, we haven't the glimmering of a notion how the plants contrive to gather their sweetness out of earth, air, and water. Nor are we any wiser as to why it is that sometimes these essences are confined to the flowers, sometimes to the leaves or stems, and sometimes to the roots; nor why the same scent should be produced by different tissues.

Evidently we must take our "sugar and spice and all things nice" as and where we find them. At inorganic chemistry the plants are our masters.

PLANET LANDSCAPES PICTURED BY AN ASTRONOMER: III.—MARS.

A SERIES SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. (COPYRIGHTED.)



SEEN FROM THE EARTH AS A DARK LINE OR "CANAL": A STRIP OF VEGETATION ON MARS, WITH A DISTANT SAND-STORM—A THEORETICAL VIEW OF MARTIAN SCENERY.

"With the thought of Mars," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "one pictures a gigantic scheme of world-wide irrigation induced by superhuman intelligence. Rather than advocate the pumping hypothesis of Lowell, however, most astronomers now think that the 'canals' are of natural origin. They are of irregular structure, and not as symmetrical as was believed. One half of the surface represents dark plains, where oceans once rolled, but now choked with vegetation. The other half is a Saharan waste crossed by the 'canals,' which are said to be due to moistened soil. Water is deposited along narrow tracks by winds travelling from the polar swamps to the equator, and upon the moistened soil vegetation flourishes. Such a strip of vegetation, viewed from

the earth, would, of course, appear as a dark line, whereas a Martian would regard it as part of the natural landscape, as represented above. Although this theory involves no artificial aid whatever, the possibility of intelligent life on Mars cannot be denied, especially since recent spectra indicate more oxygen in the Martian air than in ours, along with water-vapour, and it is, of course, on these that life depends. The Martian climate is decidedly cooler than the terrestrial, and along the tropics a Moroccan type may be realised. At the edge of the melting polar snows (curiously identical with ours), the temperature is 32 deg. F. Sand blizzards often appear to blot out vegetation. Conditions on Mars might easily favour a race of beings similar to ourselves."

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

CHRISTMAS is coming. To-morrow millions of men will kneel before the Cross with the fervour which the sacred days bring with them. To how many, I wonder, will it occur that the Cross, the sacred symbol of the Redemption of mankind, was considered in Judea, when Jesus Christ was born, twenty centuries ago, merely as an instrument of the executioner: the guillotine, the gallows, the electric chair of that day? How many will ask themselves how it was possible that the most infamous of human implements was able to transform itself into the most venerated of all symbols of Divinity—that is to say, why the essential point of the Passion lies in a judicial error? For, after all, Jesus Christ was condemned to death, though He was innocent, by a regular tribunal, which, while respecting the forms but violating the essence of justice, lent itself complaisantly to serve the hatreds of those in power.

Here is a subject of meditation for the great days of Christianity, Christmas and Easter, which might not be useless even for unbelievers. For in this apparent paradox, of a religion in which a God incarnates Himself so that He may be delivered to the executioner by human justice, lies the originality of our civilisation, the hidden source of the unique greatness of Europe and America, the secret which will preserve it in the future, if we do not cease to understand its profound significance.

Do not let my readers be surprised at these assertions. They are only enigmatical in appearance. "*Quid est veritas?*" asked Pontius Pilate during the trial of Jesus Christ. What is truth, what is justice, at which men arrive at the price of such painful efforts? Take truth in all its forms—from the demonstrations which we have of it in the law courts, to the great discoveries made by philosophy and science. Take justice in all its forms, from the law which hands over the assassin to the executioner, to the highest rewards of merit—glory, honour, high position, riches, power. However little one may reflect, it is not difficult to perceive that they are only a clumsy approximation to an infinitely more perfect model, of which man has the idea and the desire, but which he is powerless to attain.

That is the eternal tragedy of life, which every man experiences daily, even without having read Pascal. Every day we can see how difficult it is, despite the progress of culture, to discover the truth, even in the smallest affairs of life. Our senses frequently deceive us; we are sometimes betrayed by our reason; and our passions always entangle things, by transforming coveted certainties into mirages which retreat into the distance whenever we endeavour to approach them. And every day, alas! we can also observe how sorely the human spirit needs justice, and how difficult it is for us to obtain it or practise it. Nothing is easier than to convince ourselves that others are unjust towards us and that we are just towards others; the same action is considered good and meritorious by some, and bad and detestable by others; judgment as to what is good and what is bad changes according to time and place; the justice of the laws, the right to command, social hierarchies, manners and their rules, rest upon limited conventions. They only ensure a very rough justice, but they are accepted as the expression of absolute justice and truth as a basis of understanding. Otherwise, we should be forced to fight continually to ensure the triumph of absolute truth and justice, of which each individual believes that he alone possesses the secret.

The human mind had hardly begun to reflect upon itself and upon the world when it observed this weakness, of which Pascal was one day to make the most marvellous analysis. But until the day of which this Christmas

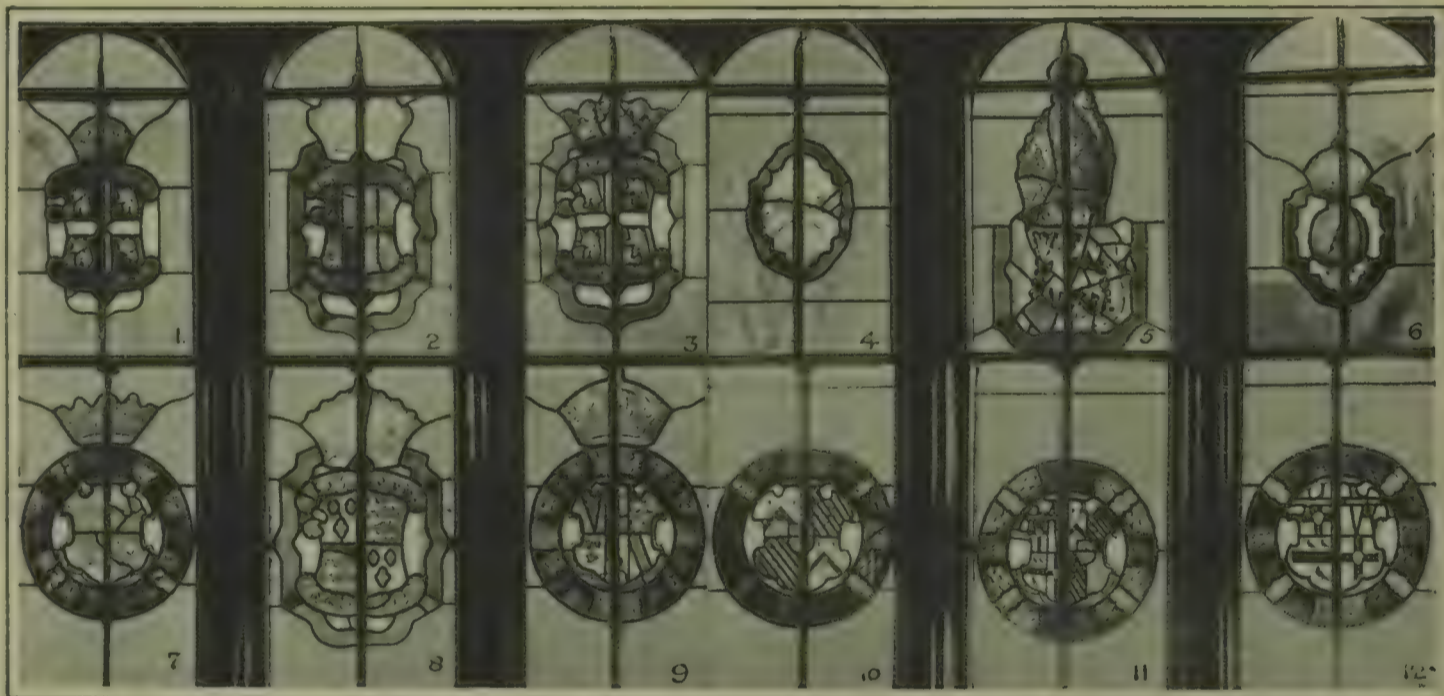
commemorates the 1927th anniversary, humanity had lived in terror of that truth. No one was allowed to put it into words, or even to think it. It was not sufficient to accept the limited and relative conventions on which the social order rested as the expression of absolute truth and justice; one must believe them and adore them, abstain from doubting or discussing them, as if they really represented immutable and definite perfection. It was feared that, if men were allowed to look at what was hidden behind those conventions, they would no longer be able to endure the imperfections of the social organisation, and would have revolted against all authorities. Power, riches, and law were deified, so as to render indisputable the rough and imperfect order with which men had to content themselves.

In that part of the world which has become Christian there have been absolute kings and privileged aristocracies. But what pale imitations of Asiatic monarchy or of the Græco-Latin aristocracies they all were! The Asiatic kings were gods in flesh and blood who could only be approached with the complicated rites of a ceremonial religion. The fiction was pushed to such an extreme point in certain countries, as Egypt, that the sovereigns could only marry their sisters, so as not to bastardise their divinity by mingling it with the blood of man. Cleopatra had to support her tottering throne with Roman legions because her father, Ptolemy Auletes, was not the issue of a royal incest. Son of a concubine, his divinity and that of his children seemed doubtful to the Egyptians, who considered themselves justified in doubting their authority also.

the heaviest. Liberation, a great liberation, was necessary. And it began with Christianity, and with the birth which the whole Christian world is celebrating during these festive days.

The civilisations which had existed before Jesus had mingled the human and the divine in their social institutions by attributing to them that perfection which the divine alone can possess. It was a mixture which degraded at the same time humanity and the divine, by making sacred all those imperfections of life which it seemed too difficult to correct—that is to say, those which most needed correction. Jesus separated the two elements definitely, and a new history of the world began. God alone was perfection; all the creations of man, even those which men had venerated with the greatest respect, even power, riches, knowledge, were no longer perfection, though very important means by which to approach perfection, if they were well employed: human things, in fact, corruptible and perishable, which virtue and vice can alike use as their tools. Man acquired in consequence the right of discovering and denouncing the imperfections of life, manners, institutions, and laws, on condition of making the necessary effort to ameliorate them; all forms of absolute and total domination of man over man were mined at their foundation; the great era of liberty began, at least for a part of humanity.

That is why there will never be enough bells to ring in the symbolical day that commemorates the joyful coming of that era. . . . Yes, yes; it is true. Even after Jesus, even in Europe, Christianised for centuries, there have been



A RARE TUDOR TREASURE IN PERIL OF DISPERSAL AND POSSIBLE EXPORT TO AMERICA: THE HISTORIC STAINED GLASS OF PRINKNASH PARK, WHICH IT IS HOPED TO ACQUIRE FOR GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The wonderful old Tudor stained-glass panels, dating between 1505 and 1544, at Prinknash Park, Gloucestershire, are to be sold by the estate trustees, and an effort is being made (under a time limit, expiring January 14) to buy them for the public and place them in a window of Gloucester Cathedral. The sum needed is £1050, of which £482 has so far been raised by Mr. W. St. Clair Baddeley, of Castle Hale, Painswick. In his appeal he says: "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn visited the house on their honeymoon in 1535. . . . The King gave Prinknash to Dorothy Bray (heiress of his former tutor, Sir Reginald Bray, who picked up England's crown on Bosworth Field) on her marriage to Sir Edmund Brydges, son of John, first Lord Chandos." The armorial details are as follows: 1.—King Osric, A.D. 681, Founder of St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester—Gules, a cross between four Lions rampant. Or. 2.—Royal Arms England and France, quarterly impaling Castile, Leon, Arragon, and Sicily. 3.—King Osric—Arms again, but a different gold crown. 4.—Badge of Abbot Parker, of Gloucester—a bow and two crossed arrows. 5.—Abbot Parker's Arms (c.) 1520—5—a buck trippant between three pheons under an Abbot's mitre and staff. 6.—Pomegranate token of Katherine of Arragon; crowned Or. 7.—Roundel, crowned, quarterly France and England, for Prince Edward (Edward VI.). 8.—France and England, crowned, for Henry VIII. 9.—Roundel, crowned, for Queen Jane Seymour. 10.—Roundel, Bray and de Sudeley, and le Boteler, etc., for Dorothy Bray, wife of Sir Edm. Brydges. 11.—Roundel, Brydges and Berkeley, impaling Bray of Coberley with Chandos. 12.—Roundel, quarterly, for Sir Edmund Brydges (2nd Lord Chandos of Sudeley).

An attenuation of monarchy, the aristocracies of the ancient world also tried to present themselves to the masses as families of superhuman essence. We smile when we read that Julius Cæsar traced his family descent from Venus. He was not alone in this, for the whole aristocratic system of the ancient world rested on impostures of this kind, which were designed to render it indisputable, together with all the laws which served to maintain the existing order. For the ancient republics in no way differed from the monarchies on this point. Nowhere was it possible to touch the conventional and limited principles on which the social order was based, without incurring the penalty of death or exile. Even the greatest philosophers had to be very prudent and keep watch on their expressed thoughts; at least, those who did not, like Socrates, enjoyed playing with fire. Who can say what humanity had to suffer, living as it did for so many centuries under the terror of that awful tyranny, forced to venerate crude laws, barbarous manners, imperfect institutions, as absolute perfection? To appreciate this we should have to awaken and cause to live again the centuries which are for ever sleeping in the past. Of all the yokes which humanity has borne, that was

absolute monarchs and privileged aristocracies. But what were those kings and those nobles compared with the ancient god-kings of the East and the aristocracies of old days, issue of Venus and Mars? They were men, weak and miserable like the others, towards whom God would be more exacting and severe, just because he had conceded to them the terrible privilege of issuing commands to their fellows. Woe betide them if they abused their power to gratify their own evil passions! God could always take away from them the privileges He had granted. Interpreters and executors of the will of God, irate against degenerate human authorities, never failed to arise in any epoch of the Christian world; and they knew how to make as good use of the pen as of the sword.

"If I were to conceive the idea of proclaiming myself the son of God, as Alexander the Great did in Egypt, all the world would laugh and deride me. There is nothing more to be done in our day!" This whimsical saying is attributed to Napoleon; if authentic, it hides under a jest a very profound idea on the history of the world.

Innumerable calamities were showered upon Europe after it became Christian. Incessant civil wars and horrible

[Continued on page 1174.]



When Boxing's crown was held by MACE
In secret ev'ry fight took place
And likely lads for twenty pounds
Would "mill" for several dozen rounds.

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THE FANCY

Now, hailed by an admiring Press,
The Fancy, doffing evening dress,
'Midst fifteen seconds, wait the gong —
'Tis odds the fight won't last as long

to John Walker Esq. distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Another Elizabeth.

It is always thought specially romantic if a bride's brother falls in love with one of her pretty bridesmaids; so, though it is more than four years since Miss Elizabeth Cator acted as bridesmaid to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon at her marriage to the Duke of York, everyone thinks it so romantic that she should now be engaged to Captain the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the third of the Duchess's four brothers. This brings a third Elizabeth into the family, but there are so many variants of the name that there need be no confusion.

Miss Elizabeth Cator, who has for long been one of the Duchess's most intimate friends, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk. Mr. Cator, who was formerly Conservative M.P. for Huntingdonshire, is director of a great assurance company and a prominent man in his county. During the war he turned his beautiful house, Woodbastwick, into a Red Cross hospital, of which Mrs. Cator was Commandant, and over four hundred sick and wounded soldiers were nursed there. Mrs. Cator belongs to an interesting family. She was the daughter of the late H. J. Adeane. Her mother, Lady Elizabeth, was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, a close friend of the Duchess of Teck, and a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, a post which she held till she married Mr. Biddulph, who afterwards became Lord Biddulph.

Captain Bowes-Lyon served at the beginning of the war with the Lothian Regiment of the Royal Scots, but was taken prisoner early by the Germans. Both he and Miss Cator care far more for life in the country than in town. He spends most of his time up at Glamis, and she enjoys the opportunities at her Norfolk home for riding and sailing. They were both out with a shooting party on Woodbastwick Hall estate last week. The date of the wedding is not yet fixed, but it is expected to be in about two months.

Lady Frances Ryder.

Those who know the hospitable work Lady Frances Ryder has for so long been doing for Colonial visitors to London are glad that the Prince of Wales marked his approval of it by attending one of her weekly tea-parties at South Africa House. His visit gave great delight to the fifty students from South Africa who were there that day. Lady Frances is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, and she and her mother, who is a sister of Lord Hambleton, have been interested in visitors from overseas ever since they used to entertain officers from the Dominions during the war. Lady Frances and her parents recently made a tour of the Dominions, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, which was essential for her work. There are, of course, several societies in London that look after and provide hospitality for visitors from overseas, but there is plenty of room for the more individual work that Lady Frances does on her own lines. The special point of it is that all the visitors whom she receives, and for whose entertainment in London and elsewhere she makes arrangements, come to her with personal introductions from people she knows in other parts of the world. She looks after men and women students from all the Dominions and Colonies, and has parties for them at her rooms in South Africa House, Charing Cross, an address that not even the newest arrival in London can fail to find.

LADY FRANCES RYDER, ONE OF WHOSE WEEKLY TEA-PARTIES AT SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE WAS ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Minister to Vienna.

Lady Phipps, wife of Sir Eric Phipps, our newly appointed Minister to Vienna, is saying good-bye to Paris for the fourth time since her marriage sixteen years ago. They will both feel the parting, for she spent her girlhood in Paris with her artist father, the late Mr. Herbert Ward, and Sir Eric's connection with the British Embassy in Paris—interrupted at intervals by his appointment to diplomatic posts in St. Petersburg, Madrid, and Brussels—has extended over nearly thirty years. They will be greatly missed. They are very popular in both French and British circles, and Sir Eric has been an invaluable assistant to Lord Crewe. Lady Phipps has always interested herself in the welfare of the British community, and been ready with help where it was needed. Her eldest sister, who bears the pretty and distinctive name of Sarita, is the beautiful wife of Sir Colville



FORMERLY MISS KAREN DEDEKAM: MRS. G. S. MONTAGU-POLLOCK.

Miss Karen Sofie Dedekam is the daughter of Mr. Hans Ludvig Dedekam, of Oslo. Her marriage to Lieut. G. S. Montagu-Pollock, R.N. (ret.), took place on December 15.

Barclay, our Minister at Budapest.

A Queen from the East.

London women are looking forward with interest to the arrival of the next royal visitors, the King and Queen of Afghanistan, who will arrive soon after the New Year. They will be the guests of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace for three days, but after that their stay in London will be of a less official and more private nature, and they hope to see something of our industrial towns. The Afghan Queen and her ladies go about heavily veiled, but, as they have adopted the smartest of European fashions—though it is not recorded that they have gone so far as to shingle their hair—they are sure to want to see how Englishwomen live, and to meet the most interesting women in society. One would like them also to meet some



ENGAGED TO COMTE CHARLES DU BOURG: MLE. NELLY SIDAROISS.

Mlle. Nelly Sidarouss is the daughter of Sesostris Sidarouss Bey, Counsellor of the Royal Egyptian Legation, Chargé d'Affaires, A.I. Her engagement to Comte Charles du Bourg, son of Comte and Comtesse du Bourg, of Montfours, La Mayenne, was announced recently.

professional women. They will be familiar with the work of women doctors and nurses, and they are sure to meet some of the women Members of Parliament. Probably after that it would not surprise them to meet women barristers or to see women magistrates on the bench. One certainly hopes they will meet the Duchess of Atholl, our one woman Minister, and Dame Edith Lyttelton, who has been three times to Geneva as a British delegate to the League.



Out of Her Teens.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were among the eighty guests at the party given by Lady Headfort at the Ritz a few days ago to celebrate her daughter's twentieth birthday. Though she is so young, Lady Millicent Taylour, who is one of the most popular girls in society, has a very interesting personality. She is tall and handsome, with masses of golden-brown hair. She is fond of dancing, hunting, and travelling, and is very good company. Her mother, who is a most capable woman, has trained her in housewifely ways. She has two brothers, both her seniors. The elder brother, Lord Bective, shared his

THE DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY HEADFORT: LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR.

mother's view that he should take up a business career, and went into the electrical business, where he specialises in lighting, and has already had charge of some important undertakings.



FORMERLY MISS GRETHE THORESEN: LADY GLENTANAR.

The marriage of Lord Glentanar to Miss Grethe Dagbjort Thoresen took place in the Frogner Kirke, Oslo, on December 20.

Family Christmasses.

To many people London can offer no such attractions at Christmas as they will find in their own country house, so there has been a considerable exodus from town. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury are entertaining a family party, which will include Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, at St. Giles's House, their home in Dorset. Lord and Lady Boyne and their children will be with Lady Boyne's parents, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, at Harewood House; and Lord and Lady Titchfield will spend Christmas with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. The idea of spending the shortest winter days on an island in a Highland loch sounds more romantic than attractive, but Lord and Lady Blythswood are having a family party at their house on Innischoanin, at the head of Loch Awe, which they know from long experience is quite pleasant at this time of year. Perhaps the greatest tribute to the charm of the festival in England is the fact that so many people come back for it from sunnier lands. Lady Muriel Paget and her daughter Angela have just returned from South Africa, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute have returned with their family from their villa at Algeciras. That is patriotism indeed.

Among other well-known people who prefer an English country Christmas to the charms of either London or abroad are Lord and Lady Londonderry, who usually have a house party at Wynyard, their North-country seat. As all the members of the family hunt, there is a big turn-out for the meets during Christmas week. At Hackwood, that charming hostess, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, is also having a family party.

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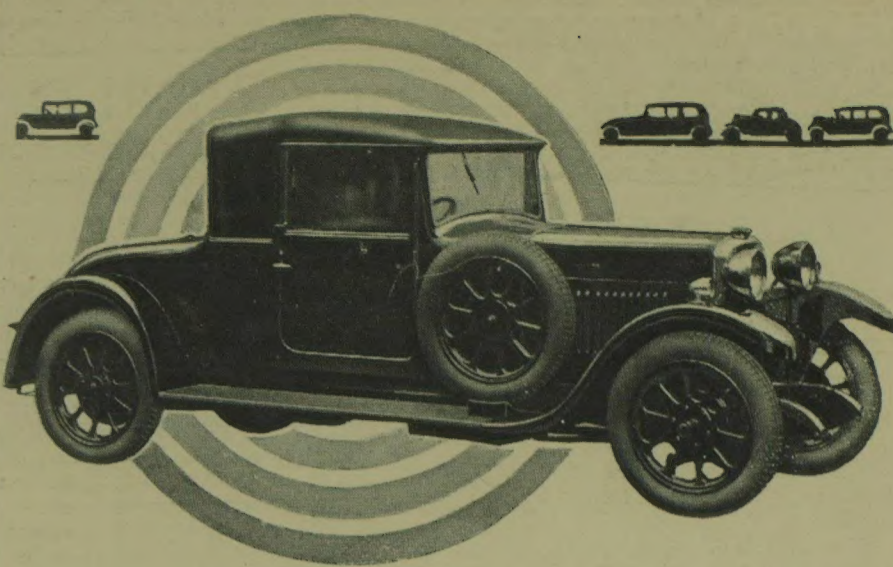
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CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

(Continued from Page 1170.)

invasions devastated and depopulated her, and led her back to barbarism. Nearly all the ancient culture, ten centuries of work, was annihilated! Only a shadow remained of the former grandeur of the Roman Empire. But the era of liberty had begun, the area of undiscussable subjects had been reduced, and Europe re-made on a much grander scale all that had been destroyed. It is not too much to say that from the twelfth century onwards the Christian peoples were the most restless people on the earth. One would say they were suffering from insomnia. Every century they created one of those novelties by which the history of the world is changed; they were tormented by an insatiable need for activity, creation, and perfection; they became the heaven of humanity. Without being immovable, as is sometimes affirmed, Asia has always been slower, more faithful to traditions, less capable of unforeseen fermentation.

But what is the deep-seated source of this inexhaustible vitality? The answer is not doubtful; the religious revolution which took place twenty centuries ago taught men that the State was not and could not be perfection, but that it was a feeble means of approaching perfection, if its powers were well employed. After that time the critical spirit, and discontent, which is its child, received the rights of citizenship in the world. Truth and justice became a thirst which increased proportionately with the efforts made to quench it. The nearer men got in all domains to the source of truth, the further they felt themselves from it; the more discontented they grew with their own ignorance, the wider seemed the abyss that separated them from that total and absolute truth which they so ardently desired. The more manners were softened, the more justice was improved; the more they sought to redress the wrongs that blind destiny multiplies among men, the more they felt that the world is a gross counterfeit of a perfection, the nostalgia for which is the sublime torment which makes life worthy to be lived.

From that time the life of Christian peoples became the perpetual recommencement of a task which will never be finished. But what wonderful results have been obtained in their indefatigable search for an absolute which always eludes their grasp! They have discovered the earth, and they are labouring now to people and unify it. They have snatched the most jealously guarded secrets from nature and the most precious treasures from the soil. They have created fabulous riches, wedded liberty to order, subordinated force to intelligence and justice as has never been done before, carried to its extreme consequences the principle of the moral equality of man, established among all living souls community of knowledge, which formerly was the privilege of a very small minority.

This year also, as in all other years, the Christmas bells will celebrate, without being aware of it, that immense triumph in which all Christian peoples are included, even if they are enemies. But these rejoicings, justified by ten

centuries of work, should be tempered with a certain pre-occupation. For the past century the spirit of Christianity has carried on a complicated and contradictory struggle against certain of the new forces by which the world is dominated to-day. That struggle is so complicated and contradictory that it is possible to contend that our age is the most Christian of all epochs in history, or that it is no longer Christian at all. It is evident that certain forms of the Christian spirit are stronger than they ever were before, but that others, which are fiercely combated, seem to be in danger. Among these we must not count either the spirit of charity or the spirit of brotherhood, but that incurable discontent which has driven us pitilessly during ten centuries to pursue an ideal of truth and justice which always escapes us.

In the midst of the intoxication of its triumphs, the modern world begins to be a little too self-satisfied in the moral domain, and to believe too easily that it has created or can create absolute truth and justice. It seems about to fall into the same illusion which crystallised the ancient civilisations: but whereas this illusion was imposed on the ancient world by fear and terror, the illusion to-day slips into the modern world little by little, gently and silently, brought there by pride. . . . The danger is manifest, for the strength of evil passions, which causes monumental follies and great cruelties to be committed, does not diminish because our riches, our knowledge, and our power increase. It may even be increased by the abundance of means.

But if a danger exists, there are also hidden forces of resistance. We had a proof of this a few months ago. In a far-away country beyond the Atlantic, two luckless individuals had been seized by human justice and condemned to death for a crime which it is possible they did not commit, and of which the proofs, at all events, were very uncertain. Suddenly the world saw, in a characteristic case, how gross, imperfect, and full of cruelty and danger is the system of conventional rules for deciding an accusation against a man which constitutes the penal code. Many were moved, and tried to help the unfortunate men to escape from the cruel fate which awaited them.

The effort did not succeed. But the great emotion displayed proves that the alarming apparition in a modern form of a new incarnation of Pontius Pilate still disturbs our sleep; a sign that the spirit of the Gospels has not ceased to work, even upon those who have never read them. For among the teachings of the Gospels one of the most important is that men must keep unceasing watch over the proceedings and institutions of their justice, which, being human justice, is full of imperfections and faults. Let us hope, therefore, that this tragic case, which has stirred the world, will recall to our epoch that, despite all the efforts made during the last hundred years to ameliorate criminal law, it still remains an instrument accessible to too many errors and passions; and that we must continue untiringly our work of bringing our gross human justice a little nearer to the infallible justice of God.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUSIC FROM THE AIR.

THE demonstration given by the Russian physicist, Professor Theremin, at the Albert Hall, of his capacity to draw sounds from the air with his fingers, attracted an immense audience, the greater part of whom looked upon the Professor as a wizard or magician. Actually there is nothing absolutely new in principle in what Professor Theremin does. He has, indeed, harnessed the "howls" familiar to wireless experts, and put them under his control by means of an apparatus which looks very like a large wireless set, but is equipped with a projecting metal rod and a large metal loop.

When his box with its electrical generating apparatus is working, the synchronisation of the thermionic valves is disturbed by the approach of the right hand towards the brass rod, thus affecting the magnetic field that has been set up, and producing a sound which can be made to vary in volume from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* by the movement of the left hand to and from the loop. There is no doubt that Professor Theremin has successfully invented and constructed the first musical instrument for producing sounds electrically, and not mechanically—although one must admit that it would be very difficult for any scientist to define accurately what is electrical and what is mechanical. It is not my business to discuss in detail the scientific aspects of Professor Theremin's apparatus, but to consider what effect this invention may have upon the future of music.

In the first place, after hearing the demonstration at which Professor Theremin played a number of simple melodies, it is evident that we have already a new but very expensive musical instrument upon which one may learn to play tunes. The character of the sound can be altered at will, and Professor Theremin procured different tone-colours, including violin tone, 'cello tone, trumpet tone, and a tone which, if it was not that of the human voice, could very well be described as *vox humana* tone.

It must be admitted, however, that none of the tones which I heard Professor Theremin produce was really attractive or beautiful in itself. There was always a peculiar whining or wailing quality, which no doubt lends itself admirably to a certain kind of sentimentality in musical expression, but becomes very monotonous. Not once did one exclaim to oneself "What a beautiful note!"

The actual sounds themselves would be quite dead in character if it were not for the constant vibrato which Professor Theremin got by the rapid oscillation of his right hand, much as a violinist does with his left hand. Perhaps it will be possible in the future to select the overtones in such a way as to get really beautiful and novel tonal effects; but Professor Theremin did not once succeed in producing beautiful tone on this occasion.

The second point that struck me was the fact that only slow tempi were attempted. As the instrument exists

(Continued overleaf.)



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(Continued.)

at present, I doubt if it would ever be possible to play rapid passages upon it. The tendency will always be towards "scooping," or *glissando*, upon this instrument, for the simple reason that no mechanically marked divisions exist. In the violin there is a finger-board, and the player's fingers have the advantage of this resistant surface to give their movements both definiteness and agility. In wind instruments the tongue or the lip, against which the breath can define itself, rests against a mouth-piece. But the player on Theremin's instrument has nothing to rest his hand or fingers upon: he just moves his hand in the air to and from a brass rod which he never touches. Now, it is impossible to move one's hand rapidly through the air without the movement becoming continuous, which results, of course, in *glissando*, or "scooping." To avoid this, very definite, broken, *staccato* movements must be made; and if *staccato* is to be avoided, the movements must be slowed down greatly. A true *legato* is, I should judge, absolutely impossible on Professor Theremin's instrument.

This means that its possibilities as a musical instrument are more limited in the higher musical sense than almost any existing instrument, and it is no compensation for this radical defect that it is possible to imitate different kinds of tone-colour upon it. A fiddle upon which you could not play rapid passages or *legato*, but on which you could imitate the trumpet or the bassoon, would be less useful musically and an inferior instrument to an ordinary fiddle. So I do not foresee in the near future orchestras of thereminists, in spite of the fact that it is reported that Bruno Walter has said: "Professor Theremin's invention has made the deepest impression on me. Here indeed seems to be new country. I cannot say which affected me most—the method of tone-production, which suggests the miraculous, or the completely novel character of the tone itself."

Personally, while admitting that future developments may make all sorts of improvements, I am very sceptical of the usefulness of this new invention as an orchestral instrument. No doubt with great natural gifts—for there will have to arise "thereminists" whose physical capacities are as distinct from those of other performers as a violinist's are from a pianist's—it will be possible to get virtuosos on the Theremin instrument as on any other; but it would be absurd to think that virtuosity on this instrument would be any easier to attain than upon any other, unless the instrument remains as limited in its scope as it is at present. The more you enlarge the musical powers of an instrument, the more difficult it becomes to play, and there is, and can be, no way of avoiding these difficulties. It has probably taken Professor Theremin many years to acquire the ability to play Schubert's "Ave Maria" on his instrument. And I pity those in the vicinity of anybody learning to play on Professor Theremin's instrument.

W. J. TURNER.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

FREE-WHEEL GEAR-CHANGING.

AMONG the most discussed features in the way of novelties at the recent Motor Show were the devices for ensuring easy gear-changing—devices which act in very much the same way as the free-wheel in the hub of an ordinary push-bicycle. A short time ago I had the opportunity of submitting one of these to a test, and I found the experience really interesting.

The one I tried was the Humfrey-Sandberg free-wheel clutch, made by the Humfrey-Sandberg Company, Ltd., 40, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W. It is a particularly ingenious invention, being remarkably simple both in design and operation. It consists of a roller bearing in which the rollers lie on the skew instead of parallel to the shaft. At the same time, the rollers make full contact along their length with the outer and inner members. The two members are normally kept in contact with the rollers by means of a light spring pressure parallel to the axis of the shaft and acting on one member. This produces the normal free-wheel action, and when free-wheeling is taking place, the rollers revolve continuously. The device can be put in and out of action by manipulating a conveniently placed short lever. The whole thing is quite small, only about four inches in diameter.

It has been adopted as a standard fitting by one or two British makers, and is in process of being carefully tested by a number of others. I was asked to drive two very different cars fitted with it, to enable me to judge of the effect in each. The first car I drove was a 13'9-h.p. four-cylinder saloon with a light fly-wheel, and the second a 12-h.p. four-cylinder saloon with an unusually heavy fly-wheel. The full benefit of the free-wheel clutch was more easily secured, I thought, in the former than in the latter, for reasons I will explain.

The sensation of driving with this gadget is at first very surprising. When you start away from rest you use the ordinary engine clutch; but as soon as the car is in motion you need not touch it again for changing speed. You accelerate, let us say, up to twenty-five miles an hour on second, and, with the clutch in the free-wheel position, you can engage any gear you please, including the reverse, without producing the slightest protest from the gear-box. All that is necessary is for you to throttle the engine momentarily to bring the revolutions down (scarcely longer than you would in the ordinary way of gear-changing), and when you reopen the throttle the car takes up the drive naturally. That is to say that, supposing you are approaching a hill on top speed at fifty miles an hour, and you know that third or even second will be required to climb it, while the car is doing fifty miles an hour you slip the lever into the required slot, and as soon as the engine is accelerated it takes up the drive on that gear, just as happens with a free-wheel bicycle.

The reason why the benefit of this ingenious device is not obtained so quickly with a heavy fly-wheel is simply because it takes longer for the revolutions to reduce. You therefore have to wait rather longer before the gear lever can be moved. Actually the difference is quite small, even in the rather extreme case which came under my own experience. Most modern engines have light fly-wheels and "shut off" very quickly.

To all intents and purposes it is practically impossible for anyone to make a bad gear-change with this device. Only a very few minutes' practice is necessary to make you perfectly familiar with what you have to do, and with the rather surprising results of it. What actually is happening in the gear-box when the free-wheel is in action is nothing at all, so to speak, the gears being idle. You just pick out the one which is next going to be useful to you, and it automatically comes into action as soon as the engine speed overtakes it, as it were, and the car begins to drive.

Apart from the delightful sensation of this noiseless and effortless change, there is the very solid advantage of the saving of wear and tear on the gear-teeth, to mention one point only. As the gears are never "crashed," their life must be greatly prolonged. Economy also is claimed to a considerable extent in petrol, oil, and tyres; and as, in a normal day's run, one is free-wheeling on and off all the time, I can well believe it. The makers say that, generally speaking, the saving in petrol is about fifteen per cent. This is, of course, a very solid advantage, as is the saving of wear and tear on the tyres; but a feature that appealed to me a good deal was the greatly increased silence in running of the whole car. Along a straight, flat road, once the speed has reached your desired figure, the car will free-wheel an extraordinary distance without having to be driven.

The gadget is fitted between the gear-box and the back axle. Where it is built in originally, the extra cost of the car so equipped is, I was told by the makers, very small indeed. If, however, it is fitted to existing gear-boxes, it is naturally very much more expensive. The device runs, of course, submerged in oil, and heating trouble does not seem to have arisen. Altogether, I regard it as one of the most promising devices for the improvement and simplification of driving yet put on the market.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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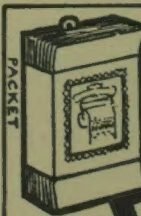
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